TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The week was begun by the splendid inaugural address of Mayor Clark. It was, in fact, a history of the affairs and finances of Toronto and deserves to be preserved as the first comprehensive and exhaustive report of our civic condition. This excellent document coming at the end of Mayor Clarke's first term has proven to us how much he has learned of what we have and what we need. He appears to be the first man who during his term as Mayor has made it his exclusive business to find out why there should be a Mayor and what he is here for. I recall the beginning of the movement to make E. F. Clarke Mayor, and remember the many insinuations that his lack of information and experience, his lack of property, and his association with the elements which are not possessed of wealth, would make him a dangerous man. Many men were suggested as superior to him, but the good sense of the community declined to recognize the principle that a distinguished pedigree or large estates were absolutely necessary to an able and honest administration of the city's affairs. E. F. Clarke has done much for the order in which he was born. He has proven it possible for the workingman by diligence and honesty to place himself in any conspicuous position which he has the ability to fill or to reach any high office to which he may aspire. Mayor Clarke's suggestion with regard to the successful employment of day labor on the cut between Ashbridge's bay and the lake, and that the same method should be employed in larger affairs, proves that he has not forgotten the education he received as a workingman. His advocacy of an inspector of scaffoldings is another proof that he has still at heart the welfare of those who toil. In his summary of the expenditures for the city's needs he seemed invariably to strike the current of public opinion and by that common sense, which is so rare in officials, to place himself with the people and know what they want. But the great caution evinced in all his movements, his inaccessibility as regards office-seekers and those who would lead him from the plain path of duty are final demonstrations of his peculiar fitness for a high executive position. The settlement of the park difficulty, his demand for more school accommodation, and every point taken up in his exhaustive message tells us that he has thoroughly comprehended the questions about which we are concerned. Already a number of old legal disputes have been rettled, others are in a fair way of settlement, and he seems industriously laboring with the arrearage of city affairs which a long succession of Mayors have left at loose ends.

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While no one can be prouder of the record he has made, and of the man himself, than I am, I am not inclined to join the chorus of those who believe that the granting of a bonus to him was expedient or proper though he cannot be held up as an object of criticism in this connection. He was innocent of any knowledge of the movement; the entire city believes him worthy of the reward and of a much greater one. The Council, with only one dissentient voice, urged him to accept it, nevertheless, I believe the council should not have offered it though knowing that he has been a loser by his generous administration of the mayor's office, I cannot blame him for accepting it. Precedents with regard to bonuses and gratuities are established by the council, not by the mayor. The evil does not lie in the acceptance, but in the offering of gratuities. We need not trouble ourselves about the establishment of the precedent of accepting a bonus; it would be a rare thing indeed if it were refused and a single refusal would not diminish the annual clamor for such votes. Our censure must be against those who vote extraordinary payments to city servants. If the vice-assistant-deputy clerk or the sub assistant secretary in some of the departments refused the allowance voted to him, he would be laughed at. In the case of the Mayor he would be suspected of endeavoring to establish himself as a man better than his fellows. What must be *insisted upon* is, that the *Council* cease voting sums of this sort, even if they are deserved, as in the case of the Mayor.

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Three thousand dollars is far too small a sum to pay the chief executive of a great city like Toronto; five thousand would be much nearer the amount. It has been urged that we frequently elect men to occupy the position who are unworthy of such a salary as I suggest, and that it is much wiser to vote a bonus to a good man than to establish so high a salary. I don't believe it. If the proper fulfilment of the duties is worth $5,000 a year that should be the salary attached to the office. As to the election of unfit men, that is the business of the electors. If incompetent persons are elected to receive that salary those who elected them and who are to pay for it are to blame. If the office is worth it, it is worth it; there is no argument admissible. The Mayor of Toronto should not be rewarded in the same humiliating way as an industrious errand boy who receives at the end of his year a bonus of ten dollars and a package of chocolates for having been assiduous in his work. It is well enough to offer prizes, but men who are worthy of the position of Mayor of Toronto are past the prize and gratuity period and should know that they have a salary at their disposal sufficient to save them from loss. While every ratepayer in Toronto is willing to acknowledge that the thousand dollars paid to Mayor Clarke was doubly earned, every thoughtful one will regret that another precedents has been added in this way and that the bonusing system has been given a stronger hold, inasmuch as one worthy man having been rewarded by it. For while remembering the one principal instance and believing it was right we are apt to forget the hundred minor cases when it was wrong.

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The visit of Canon Knox-Little has occasioned unusual interest. People of all creeds have gone to hear him preach; they have been charmed by his presence and excellent oratory and some have, doubtless, been awakened to a more active spiritual life. Yet I am very much in doubt if he did anything to establish his well-beloved Anglican church in this city. We have little time in Canada around the dinner-table or in our evenings to discuss the fine points between low and high church, and the majority of people are either low church or Roman Catholics. His expressed belief in apostolic succession, in baptismal regeneration, the necessity of a priest at the Lord's Supper, and that the "body and blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful at the Lord's Supper," and that salvation beyond the pale of the church, though possible, is unlikely, taken in connection with his belief that "confession to a fully pledged priest can only be neglected at the risk of great spiritual loss, if not final and absolute perdition," bring us right to the doors of the Papacy. When we come to examine these things we can find no reason for the Reformation unless Canon Knox-Little be wrong. The Rev. Mr. Langtry in the canon's defence said, while admitting that there are many beautiful lives in dissenting denominations, that Canon Knox-Little did say that "he could not understand how a society that only came into existence last year or three hundred years ago, can be the society which Jesus Christ came into the world to found, and which He did found more than eighteen hundred years ago, which He called His church, which He declared to be His body, against which He has pledged Himself that the gates of hell shall not prevail, to whose ministers He gave His own authority, in which He instructed His sacraments, and to which He entrusted His truth to witness and to preserve to the end of time." Canon Knox-Little mourned over the loss "which they were entailing on themselves and their children who separated themselves from this divinely founded, divinely endowed, divinely created society, and substituted one of their own making in its stead." All of which is respectfully submitted to Protestants as the argument upon which the Church of Rome bases its claim as the only true repository of the faith "once delivered unto the saints." If what Canon Knox-Little says, and Rev. Mr. Langtry testifies to as correct, is even measurably true of the Church of England, it is incontestibly true of the Church of Rome, which existed for centuries before the Church of England was thought of. It is absolutely impossible to largely introduce high churchism into Canada, and Mr. Langtry, for whom I have the highest respect as a man wearing the largest hat in Toronto, and mighty in disputation, I think is unfortunate in undertaking the defence of Canon Knox-Little's papistical pretensions, and I think that the majority of my readers feel as I do that if we are to be Protestants we want to be Protestants with a big "P," and if we are to be Roman Catholics we should be Roman Catholics straight. There is but little disposition nowadays to steal candles from the Romish altars to light ourselves to heaven through High Church gloom.

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The Ontario branch of the Dominion Alliance for the suppression of the liquor traffic has been in session and it appears to be in a rather disorganized condition. They devote themselves mostly to the reading of voluminous reports and the passing of corpulent resolutions which are not heard of again until some one enquires at the next meeting what has become of them. President Howland's address aroused a great deal of enthusiasm; his addresses always do. They are first rate for a camp-meeting, but they are no good for a campaign. It was also unfortunate that amidst his enthusiasm he had to be excused from the evening meeting and he unavoidably absent the next day, which left the brethren in a somewhat leaderless condition, and they became more or less inclined to nibble at one another's ears. Bro. G. M. Rose and Ald. McMillan were much averse to any truckling with the license law; their motto is "prohibition or bust." The Revs. Keefer, O'Hara and F. S. Spence contended that it was wise to cripple the liquor traffic as much as possible, even if it could not be exterminated.

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The Rev. Mr. Phillips pointed out that in those provinces that have the most prohibitive license law the Scott Act has been most frequently carried and never repealed. Of course this did not silence the other side: nothing but a violent death would.

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Mr. W. W. Buchanan, than whom there is no other more so, stated that the Dominion Alliance has been deplorably weak in executive work, and that the whole machinery is wrong. He also stated, with both feet on the floor and his head thrown back, "that we haven't the forces, we have no organization, we have no system," all of which I believe to be true. Mr. Spence was much troubled to defend the executive from the charge of treason to the Montreal platform, whatever that is. He stated that there hadn't been a single election held in Ontario since the Montreal convention in which the Alliance had not taken part—which would probably be equally true if he had added, "and in which the Alliance has not got left." Bro. Keefer's censure was finally dropped though it was made manifest that the Association has not much use for the executive committee.

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The Rev. Bro. Knox communicated a statement of affairs in East Durham and East and West Northumberland, in which he alleged that the failure of the Scott Act is due to the shamefully imperfect enforcement of the law. Bro. Knox's material reads quite entertainingly. The inspector in West Northumberland, he alleges, does not pay any attention to the protests of the temperance people or to charges against violators of the Act and openly says he will do as he blank pleases, all of which I believe to be true. But the Ontario branch of the association could not have made more manifest their utter uselessness and

HER FIRST BALL.

inefficiency than they did by their last meeting. The sum collected shows the amount of enthusiasm, outside of the opening speech. During 1888 from the subscriptions they got $1,006.87 and under the careful financing of the treasurer they only put out $1,003.38, leaving a balance of $3.49 to start the enthusiasm of the new year. We can hardly blame them for not doing much work with that amount of money, and yet when we cast our longing eye over the province and notice that all the very "best" people are upholding this association, there is not an unnatural feeling of wonder why they don't give up a little more of their precious stuff. A thousand dollars! How dear the cause must be to the hearts of the congregations of the numerous gentlemen who belong to this Alliance! Reckoning the votes which have been cast for the Scott Act the annual donation to the Alliance must reach in the neighborhood of a cent apiece, which betokens an enthusiasm which does not get lower than the point where the suspenders are attached. The Demon Rum cannot be fought for one cent per capita. It is a great fight; a noble fight. Intemperance, Drunkenness, Delirium Tremens, Wife-Coating, Insanity, Increase of Crime, etc., cannot be chained with pennies. If I may be excused for a streak of unusual candor, I would suggest that the prohibition gentlemen gather around the bar of their good resolutions and treat one another to enthusiasm cock-tails at 25 cents apiece, and donate the proceeds to the cause. If they do sothere will be a good big fat wad to encourage brother Spence to go on with the work.

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The other day, at Mayor Clarke's inauguration, the entrance of Premier Mowat was not greeted with a single cheer. I imagine people didn't see him come in. He is not large, and never ostentatious, and he sat as meekly on the steps of the throne as if he had been the clerk of the reception committee, instead of Premier of the Province. When some of his friends finally excited a commotion for a speech, he arose with a not unnatural embarrassment to address an audience which had been by no means clamorous. His speech, however, was one of the smartest and happiest little efforts I ever heard. Before he had said a hundred words everyone in the room was delighted that he had risen to speak. I am doubtful if anyone except Sir John can make a more felicitous impromptu address than Mr. Mowat. He hums and haws and stammers along, but his pauses simply serve to accentuate the cunning periods of which he is master. He spoke of Mayor Clarke as possessing, perhaps to a greater extent than any other man who had ever presided over the Council, the confidence of the city. He eulogized his attention to the affairs of the city, his marked ability and scrupulous honesty. "But do you know—ah—do you know, that for a man who is so excellent a citizen, so—ah—good a Mayor, that my friend Mr. Clarke is—ah—er—an exceedingly bad politician? You know how good a government you have in this province—almost a perfect government—but would you think it, this —ah—able Mayor is continually in opposition to it. And I am taking this opportunity of—ah—heaping a whole panful of coals on his head." Premier Mowat made more friends than he thought by his clever speech. But I was surprised to see how uncomfortable Mayor Clarke looked when the Hon. Oliver was congratulating him. The dignity faded away from him for a moment and he blushed like a little boy. I don't know whether it was unconsciousness of his own merit and the natural modesty of the man or the thought that Oliver was getting in his work. However, the Mayor is superior to jealousies of that sort, and with the most unbending dignity he can stand almost any amount of censure much better than he can bear praise from the high priest of his political enemies. DON.

Society.

New life has been given to society by the arrival of the much talked of ice and the snow long looked forward to. Skates, toboggans, sleighs have at last been brought to light and everybody appears to rejoice. The cold weather has brought a rush of such amusements as depend on it for their existence. Many a skating party has this year been projected at the Victoria Rink, but the untimely rain and the south wind has, until last Saturday, frustrated all such projects. On the evening of that day two bachelors gave a large and most agreeable skating party at the new rink. On Wednesday a similar entertainment by a certain *dame-de-societe* was only postponed at the wish of another of the ladies who lead society and who had planned a large sleighing party for that evening. On Wednesday night the beautiful club house and slide of the Toronto Toboggan Club at Rosedale was opened for the first time this season, and to-day, if only the weather holds, the Toronto Driving Club are to hold their first meet at three p.m. at the guns in the Queen's Park. With the same proviso at least two more skating parties are on the *tapis* for next week, and if the frost is hard enough to make thick the ice on the bay, a novelty in the shape of a large evening ice-boating *fete* is proposed. The joys of a real Canadian winter have been so long withheld that they will be all the more appreciated now that it really has come and people will be less likely to tire of them before "hawthorn buds appear" once more.

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Last night a select portion of *le monde qui s'amuse* was enjoying a small dance at Chudleigh, Beverley street. Mr. and Mrs. Beardmore's dance was an inspiration, hardly had the idea occurred to them when it was carried out. The cards of invitation were only out at quite the end of last week, and when this week it was found that many of their proposed guests had, through some mistake, been bidden for the wrong evening, short time was left to them to rectify this most serious error.

The skating-party given by Mr. Tilley and Mr. Gamble Geddes at the Victoria Club and Rink last Saturday night was in all respects a most enjoyable and successful affair. Until last year, for many winters ultra-fashionable people had done little or no skating. Last year there was a distinct revival of the once popular sport among them, and this winter the conveniences of the Victoria Rink, its propinquity to so many of their houses, and perhaps above all the good esteem in which they hold the club's secretary, seem likely to go far towards establishing that revival amongst them and continuing it. On Saturday evening Messrs. Geddes and Tilley's guests found the ice in the best of condition. The former gentleman's graceful skating was as much admired as it always is; while, in spite of their long want of practice, the form shown by many of the ladies was remarkably good. When the general public had left the rink the band was still retained and those who could waltz on skates, waltzed, while novices, of whom there were several, tried to imitate them. This band, by the way, is capable of improvement, but allowances must be made for the musicians considering the temperature in which they have to play. I have very rarely heard a band at a rink which was really in tune, perhaps the cold affects the instruments themselves. The supper was of course not the least important part of Saturday's fete. Excellent was the cooking and unexceptionable the wines. A few of those present were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson, Mr. Harry Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, Miss Eudie Hugel, Miss Beardmore, Mr. Roberts, Miss Small, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mr. Sidney Small, Miss Mabel Heward, Mr. Edin Heward, Miss Williams, Mr. Williams, R. E., Miss McCarthy, Mr. Morrison, Mr. W. Ince, Miss Fraser of Detroit.

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Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer gave a very large party at Glenedith on Friday of last week. Few dinners in town are more delightful than those at Glenedith. To this the beautiful house, the kindly host and hostess, but most of all the wisdom of the latter in carefully choosing and assorting her guests all contribute. On Friday wit and wisdom, beauty and gallantry, all had their several representatives.

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Mrs. Bain and Miss Burton left town this week to pay a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay of Hamilton.

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The visit of Miss Summers of New York has been short and her *debut* in Toronto society hardly made before she has flown. There is every prospect, however, that this lady will return ere long, and possibly to stay.

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Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miles of the Queen's Park gave a large progressive euchre party last Saturday evening. In spite of the fact that the success of the evening was handicapped by the inevitable tedium and irritation which this game causes to some people, it was an eminently enjoyable affair. Without the progressive euchre it would have been much more so.

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Although I recognize most fully that the managers of our theatres have, for the most part, given us the best of attractions this season, yet I cannot forbear putting a question to them, which I hear asked on all sides. How is it that the Gaiety Theatre Company of London, England, who have been recently drawing such crowds in New York, and who are coming as near us as Montreal, have not been induced to come here. This company has for years past been one of the most popular in London. It includes Nellie Farron, the queen of burlesque actresses, Fred Leslie, the foremost of English burlesque actors, and several other names almost as well known, and a chorus which has practically monopolized the vast brotherhood of London mashers.

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There are few more popular men in Toronto than County Attorney Badgerow, whose first official dinner was given in connection with the opening of the winter Assizes, at his residence, Martineau House, on Avenue road, on Tuesday evening. Among those present were: Hon. Alex. Mackenzie and Mrs. Mackenzie, Mayor Clarke, Sheriff Mowat, Rev. Dr. Dewart, Col. Grasett, W. Lount, Q.C., Mr. Alfred Macdougall, Deputy Attorney-General Johnston, Mr. T. A. Badgerow, Hon. J. Beverley Robinson, Col. Allan, W. R. Meredith, Q.C., Mr. Alfred Baker, Major Gregg, Wm. Mulock, M.P., Mr. J. H. Watson, Dr. Adam Wright.

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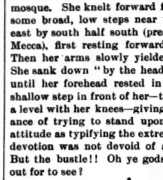

During the final prayer at the service of Canon Knox-Little one night at St. Luke's a young lady devised an attitude for devotion which for oriental religious *abandon* has seldom been seen perhaps outside a mosque. She knelt forward from her chair on some broad, low steps near the choir, facing east by south half south (presumably towards Mecca), first resting forward on her hands. Then her arms slowly yielded their support. She sank down "by the head," as sailors say, until her forehead rested in her hands on a shallow step in front of her—that is, almost on a level with her knees—giving her the appearance of trying to stand upon her head. The attitude as typifying the extremity of religious devotion was not devoid of artistic imagery. But the bustle!! Oh ye gods! what came ye out for to see!

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Matter of Fact—A Fact: She—Do you know, Mr. H., I had a fall at the rink last night. He—Indeed; did you see stars? She—Oh! no; it was in the covered rink!

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Mrs. Kemp's At Home, which was to have been given on Friday of last week, has been postponed until a later date, owing to sickness in the family.

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Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, R. C. A., will afford his friends a private view of a collection of water color drawings of British Columbian scenery to-day.

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The Press Club give an At Home to-night in their pretty rooms on Bay street. Dancing.

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I went to hear the Hungarian Band as usual, on Friday night and Saturday matinee, and was as much delighted as ever with their soul-stirring music. I can't say that I care much for their own Hungarian solos. I have no doubt there is a great deal in the music, but it is like Wagner's—one requires to be educated up to the point of appreciation. What I do like is their overtures, polkas and waltzes, which are heavenly! If Mr. Nicolls has any Scotch bluid in his veins, he might give them the hint to play Annie Laurie a wee bit faster, as they spoil it by trying to make Annie a Hungarian instead of a Scotch lassie. Among those who attended on Friday night, and whom I often see, were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Symons and her pretty sister, Miss Hessin; Dr. A. Geikie, the Misses Geikie, the Misses Marling, Mr. and Mrs. John Dick, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Miss Maidie Kerr, Miss Birdie Macdougall, Mr. Arthur Harvey, Miss Rattan.

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Mrs. Maule of Prince Arthur avenue is giving an At Home this afternoon.

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On Tuesday evening Mrs. Allan McLean Howard gave her annual At Home, and assuredly the present one was no exception to the former. Every one expected a crowd and they were not disappointed, for not one of the "dear five hundred" was forgotten and Mrs. Howard, with her charming daughter, made each feel he or she was the guest of the evening.

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Mrs. Edward Chadwick's At Home for her young people was as usual a success. The only thing to be regretted by every one was the absence of Miss Lou Chadwick, who has for so many years helped by her bright and genial manner to make every one enjoy themselves.

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The annual Sunday school festival of St. Matthias was held on Thursday and a good programme was provided. Mr. Fred Plummer, who always has this parish in charge, never spares himself any trouble to provide entertainment for the young people.

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I attended the conversazione of the University Y. M. C. A. and Trinity Medical students and was much surprised at the way such a large body as Trinity Medical College could have been so completely ignored. Hon. Mr. Ross, being elected out of courtesy to his position (chairman), spoke about the glorious stand that the University took in politics and law, lauding them to the skies. Now, while this is true, I think that the minister of education should not show such partiality, especially when Trinity was represented there by its dean and professors, who did not have the courtesy shown them of an invitation to take a chair on the platform. Surely Mr. Ross forgot where he was.

*

A young children's concert was given by the pupils at Mr. Torrington's college last Saturday afternoon, when several of the youngsters took part. The playing of Miss Eva Richards, a sweet little girl, was very good, considering that the little one broke one of her violin pegs, and had to play on a strange violin. Nearly all the children's parents were present and were very much pleased with the way their hopefuls acquitted themselves.

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Mrs. Stephen Heward gave an At Home last night.

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One of the great social events of the season is to be the grand ball in aid of the Protestant Orphans' Home which will take place on February 7, in the Pavilion, Horticultural Gardens. The lady managers are sparing no trouble to make it a success in every way, and judging by their efforts in the past, something good may be looked for. As numbers of people have objected to the trouble of getting up a fancy costume it has been decided to leave the matter of dress an open question, patrons can wear any style they choose, whether fancy or otherwise. As this is one of our most deserving charities it is confidently hoped that the public generally will give it their substantial support.

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Owing to the copy being mislaid, no report was given last week of the Eglinton Masonic At Home, which was a very successful affair, doing great credit to the enterprise and hospitality of the Craft in the suburbs.

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On Thursday afternoon a sleighing party, given by Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, met at the Guns, Queen's Park, and utilized the small amount of snow we have had for a very delightful afternoon. The party was composed of Mrs. Cattanach, Miss Hodgins, Mrs. G. W. Torrance, Miss Gus Robinson, Miss Heward, Mrs. W. Dickson, Miss Williams, Mrs. Otter, Miss Dawson, Miss Hugel, Mr. Melford Boulton, Capt. Williams, Col. Otter, Mr. H. Gamble, Capt. Geddes, Mr. Fitzsimmons, Mr. Reg. Thomas, Mr. Yarker, Mr. Fox. Mr. Hamilton Merritt's tandem turn-out looked very gay indeed, though all the sleighs were attractive. After the drive they returned to Mrs. Nordheimer's handsome residence and after dinner the day's pleasure was terminated by a dance.

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The Cinderella Club met at Mrs. E. Percy Beatty's, Lowther avenue, on Monday evening last. Amongst those present were Mr. and Miss Strathy, Miss Wood, Miss Ince, Mr. Douglas Cameron, Professor Baker, the Misses Maule, Mr. A. Jones, Miss Georgie Scott, Miss Holcroft, Miss Dumble of Cobourg, Mr. S. Jney Jones, Mr. Bayley, Mr. Cassells, Mr. Chewitt, Mr. Walsh and Mr. Ketchum.

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On Thursday, January 10, the marriage of Dr. Harry Orton Howitt, second son of the late Dr. John Howitt of Guelph, Ont., and Alice Dudley Chase, youngest daughter of Chaplain Chase, U. S. A., was solemnized at St. Andrew's Church, Oakland, Cal. The church was tastefully decorated with flowers, which at this season of the year are so magnificent in California. The bride was attired in a gown of white moire silk, with the usual veil and orange blossoms. After a reception, which was numerously attended, the happy couple left for Toronto, via British Columbia, where they will spend a short time with the groom's mother, Mrs. C. J. H. Winstanley. They will then proceed to Germany, where they will spend the next few years, the young doctor devoting himself to his charming wife, and perfecting himself in his profession.

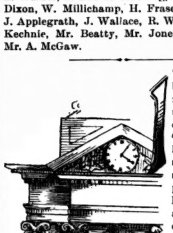
Personal.

Miss Addie Barry of Gloucester street is visiting her friend Miss Minnie Wilmot of Newcastle for a few weeks.

Mrs. R. Spain entertained her numerous friends by giving a dance on Thursday evening of last week. A large number of guests were present. The music was furnished by the Opera House orchestra.

Mr. Benjamin gave a very nice dinner to a few of his most intimate friends on Wednesday night, at his residence 10 Wilton crescent, in order that they might have an early opportunity of congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Joseph, (Miss Rose Samuel), who were passing through Toronto on their return from the honeymoon, who were the honored guests of the evening. Mrs. Benjamin, the charming hostess, is to be congratulated on the exquisite taste displayed.

On Friday evening last an At Home was held at the residence of Mr. H. S. Morison, 58 Rose avenue, given by the Misses Morison, Aikens, Fullerton and Mr. O. B. McLeod. The music was all that could be desired, and dancing was kept up till the wee small hours. Amongst the ladies present were Miss C. Bowden, Miss E. Smith, Miss M. Ridley, Miss J. Strachn, Miss Johnston, Miss M. Bowden, Miss B. Smith, Miss R. Ardagh, Miss M. Troy, Miss T. Smith, Miss M. Fraser, Miss M. Miller, Miss B. Fraser, Miss F. Jackman. The gentlemen were Messrs. O. Williams, H. Williams, H. and L. Walker, F. and C. McCuaig, A. McKay, C. Dixon, W. Millichamp, H. Fraser, J. Austin, J. Applegrath, J. Wallace, R. Wylie, Mr. McKechnie, Mr. Beatty, Mr. Jones, Mr. Smith, Mr. A. McGaw.

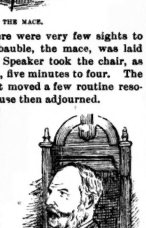


IT was everybody's day at the Legislature on Thursday, and the Governor and his Council showed their sense by dropping the artillery practice and other hoodoo business which ordinarily characterizes the breaking out of the fever to amend the municipal law. The chamber was crowded, ladies crowding the gallery, halls, members' seats, and all the chairs that could be placed in the vacant spaces. The crowd was a rather democratic one, thoroughly good-natured, and was evidently there to see

THE MACE.

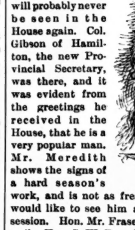
the sights, but there were very few sights to see. That gilded bauble, the mace, was laid on a table, and the Speaker took the chair, as per the illustration, five minutes to four. The Hon. Oliver Mowat moved a few routine resolutions and the House then adjourned.

The members of the Government are all looking exceedingly well, though one cannot help missing the bright and genial face of the Hon. T. B. Pardee, who will probably never be seen in the House again. Col. Gibson of Hamilton, the new Provincial Secretary, was there, and it was evident from the greetings he received in the House, that he is a very popular man. Mr. Meredith shows the signs of a hard season's work, and is not as fresh and buoyant as one would like to see him at the opening of the session. Hon. Mr. Fraser is looking extremely well. Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, has a worried and hard-worked look about him.



THE SPEAKER.

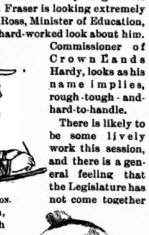
Commissioner of Crown Lands Hardy, looks as his name implies, rough-tough and hard-to-handle.



HON. J. M. GIBSON.

There is likely to be some lively work this session, and there is a general feeling that the Legislature has not come together this time for fun, though a month ago they were in hopes of having a short session.

The "boys" were all there, especially the ones with the pull, and Bro. Ald. Joe Tait was receiving the congratulations of the just and unjust alike. It was quite a day, but meant most as a precursor of other days.



HON. T. B. PARDEE.

None of the new members who were introduced made a better appearance than Mr. Charles Dance, an old schoolmate of mine from Elgin County. DON.

Minnie Palmer.

Dainty Minnie Palmer, than whom no comedienne is more welcome to Toronto theatergoers, will occupy the stage of the Grand Opera House all next week. Minnie Palmer has but very lately returned from a most brilliant and extraordinarily successful tour of Great Britain and Ireland, where her social reception ran apace with her professional prosperity. Her appearances since her return have been continuously enthusiastic, and nowhere has she failed to test the capacity of theaters in which she has appeared. That her many admirers in Toronto will add another city to the list wherein she can safely feel herself at home is without doubt, for she has ever been a great favorite here. New and elegant dresses, the far-famed diamonds and other jewels, bright new songs and dances will be pleasant adjuncts to the plays themselves, and a company warmly commended will accompany the star. My Brother's Sister will be given Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights of the week, with Minnie in the dual role of boy and girl, and the always welcome My Sweetheart will hold the rest of the week.

The Queen of Denmark, whose portrait is given above, has been a center of interest for all women of late, owing to the jubilee celebration at Copenhagen, and Her Majesty is naturally and always a personage of peculiar interest to all Englishwomen, as mother of our coming Queen. But in herself Queen Louisa possesses many attributes which would distinguish her from the average of womankind. Clever and amiable to a degree, and an entirely admirable queen, Her Majesty's life has not been without its romantic features. When the succession to the Danish throne fell to the present king upon the death of Frederick VII., Christian IX. was only Prince of Glucksburg, and so small were his means that he taught music and drawing in order to add to his income. But destiny ordained that a royal crown should fall to his share, and so in due course the Prince became King of Denmark, and Louisa his royal consort. The Queen's three daughters have, as all the world knows, achieved distinguished positions in the world, Alexandra being our own future Queen, Dagmar Empress of Russia, and Thyra Duchess of Cumberland. But neither her own accession to queenly rank nor the brilliant matches made by her children have spoiled Queen Louisa, who remains today an unpretentious, kindly, and amiable woman, as well as a deservedly popular Queen.

In the Flower Market, Marseilles.

Characteristic Wrinkles.

"It is customa y to say that wrinkles come from worrying, but the truth is that most of them come from laughing," says a well-known physician. To know how to laugh is just as important as to know when to do it. If you laugh with the sides of your face, the skin will work loose in time, and wrinkles will form in exact accordance with the kind of a laugh you have. The man who always wears a smirk will have a series of semi circular wrinkles covering his cheeks.

When a gambler who has been accustomed to suppressing his feelings laughs, a deep line forms on each side of his nose and runs to the upper corner of his mouth. In time this line extends to the chin and assumes the shape of a half moon. A cadaverous person with a wax-like skin is very apt to have two broadly marked wrinkles, on running up from the jaw and the other under the eye. These meet at right angles at the cheekbones and look as though they formed a knot at the apex. The scholar's wrinkles form on his brow, while the scheming politician's come round his eyes, where they look for all the world like the spokes of a wheel.

She Knew Her Pedigree.

Grandmere—"What did you say your friend's name was, my dear?"

Debutante (who has just presented a sister bud)—"Miss Parvenu, gran'ma!"

Grandmere—"Are you the daughter of Mushroom Parvenu, my child?"

Miss Parvenu—"He is my father, yes!"

Grandmere—"Ah! How strange! I remember your grandmother quite well. She scrubbed my doorsteps for years."

A Female Cyclone.

Mrs. Jane McCarthy of Louisville waded into a gang of loafers with her sleeves rolled up and knocked five of them down by right and left handers before they could get away. In so doing she smashed a knuckle, which a doctor mended free of charge.

Women Who Hate Hair.

Little love is bestowed on hair by the women who follow the stage for a living. It is the least prized of woman's charms and passes without recognition in an inventory of "good points" credited to the applicant for histrionic consideration. As a rule "the shining mane and long" is regarded as a nuisance and almost certain to be undesirable; is not only bleached but cut down to a degree where convenience and sufficiency meet. By sufficiency is meant a length that will enable the wearer to bunch it on the top of her head, n allowance being made for coils or puffs, which supplies are brought from the hair-dresser and kept constantly ready for use.

ALMA FOHSTROEM

None of the great artists on the musical or dramatic stage burdens herself with heavy hair. Patti has but little; Nilsson had her splendid blonde hair cut and woven into a switch; Bernhardt says she couldn't do anything with a head load of hair, and Ellen Terry, Adelaide Neilson, Miss Eastlake, and Charlotte Cushman all lived in short hair and depended on wigs for stage work.

All have seen a doll baby with her little wig of light curls, recalling which gives a correct idea of Alma Fohstroem's yellow-white hair. So unlike any hair to be found outside of a wig shop or property-room, it is not strange that critics accuse her of wearing false ringlets. It is not unusual for the milliner to get impatient and tell the songstress from far-away Finland that she could "give you a very lovely style if you would wear your own hair." Convinced of her mistake, the merriment of the customer's laugh drowns the apologies of the confused artiste, and a compromise is made at once. Speaking about the matter, Mlle. Fohstroem says:

"Nobody believes that I do not wear a wig and I take no trouble to correct the impression, but the fact is, my hair never grew any since childhood. It is much thicker, but scarcely longer than when I was five years old."

This funny shock of hair, which is as kinky as a pickaninny's and as white as a cotton ball under gaslight, is not over three inches long on any part of her head, but from forehead to nape and from ear to ear the screw-like curls grow very closely and prettily.

MARIE HALTON.

"The length of my hair," said Miss Marie Halton of the Daff Opera Company, was at one time my vanity, but the requirements of my present role are so trying that in the six changes of costume I am obliged to make I could not manage my locks and so was obliged to sacrifice length and thickness and in place of the poetic veil I have a whisk of hair about as stubborn and ungovernable as Maggie Tulliver's mane."

The cut is taken from a picture made in Paris a year ago, showing the splendid locks as she then wore them. Miss Halton has still an abundance of hair which is a golden-blonde hue of a comparatively silky quality with a wavy tendency. She has chocolate-brown eyes, very expressive in character, a retroussé nose which gives rather a saucy air to the face, and in manner she has that softly insinuating nature that looks affection in every glance.

Jane Hading has a superb head of tawny-brown hair, which, as shown in the annexed cut, waves about her head and back from the face after the style of our grandmothers. She is one of the few women brave enough to wear her hair parted down the middle and is candid enough to admit that the changing tawny shades are due largely to frequent bathing in a solution of ammonia or soda and water. Her hair tightly twisted is as thick as her wrist and coiled, making a perfect crown of glory.

To see the beauty of Isabella Urquhart's dusky tresses look for her in the bridle path that winds about Central Park any bright afternoon. She wears the conventional black habit and high hat with her heavy brown hair half braided and the sunlight and breezes playing with the ends. In evening dress she delights to don a Rembrandt hat with her forehead half covered by a Montague bang, and the rest of her hair coiled into a soft knob below the brim of her hat. Like Mrs. Potter, who, by the way, is in no way related to the singer, she delights in dipping her silken tresses in a bath of perfume, wild olive being her choice.

JANE HADING.

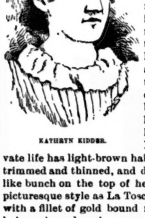
The sunshine forever plays in Kathryn Kidder's hair, which is the kind and quality that will not be modernized and is most becoming when least tampered with. Coming but little below her shoulders and being thick and very curly. Miss Kidder is never forced to the use of a wig, for with a few pins she can draw it to the top or back of her head, or by a trick of her own dress it for a boy, a gypsy or a prairie maid. The mists and fogs of the Atlantic that straighten out the bangs, curls and scolding locks of the multitude have the opposite effect on Miss Kidder's sunny hair, and in a rainstorm or a drizzle, going to and from the theater, it is almost possible to see the ends pop up into finger curls and the tresses about her ears and forehead twist themselves into spirals of gold.

Like the silken tassels that wave above the cornfields of fancy are the tresses of Miss Lily Post, now singing in The Queen's Mate. So very fine is the texture of her hair that a single strand held but a short distance from the eye is barely discernible. It is, however, lacking in the moisture that gives so called fine hair a soggy appearance. When dressed, her tresses are fluffy and gleam like gold in the sunshine. On the sunject of hair culture, Miss Post is her own shampooer, concocting in her private laboratory a wash which is applied three times a week, and an oily balm calculated to stimulate and invigorate the roots and used every new moon, after the customary clipping of the ends. It is the opinion of the golden-crowned Lily that the comb is the worst enemy of the hair, for while in a degree indispensable, the average racking with even the coarsest comb results in breaking countless strands or tresses. To counteract this a process of singeing is resorted to, and the split or broken hairs are passed through the flame of a burning taper, every six weeks or so. Notwithstanding the prevalent aversion to the curling-iron, the fair singer offers her thick, fluffy bang as an argument for the quickening growth due to the warm influence of that implement. Let loose Miss Post's hair falls about her like a mane, and asleep with the mass of yellow tresses framing forehead and face she reminds one of Canova's celebrated butter beauty that ornamented the nobleman's table.

ISABELLE URQUHART.

After eyes and teeth the glory of Mrs. James Brown Potter's beauty is her hair, which has been variously described as Titian, golden brown and tawny, but which the lovely Cleopatra calls a fawn color. In designing her famous circular cloak two years ago Worth selected a cloth the exact shade of her beautiful tresses, and the plumes in her Gainsborough felt were similar. Not long ago, wanting a new bunch of ostrich tips, Mrs. Potter sent her order and a tress of her hair as a sample to a local feather manufacturer, who spent two weeks trying to duplicate the tint and then failed. While in no way curly, Mrs. Potter's hair is not straight enough to be called stringy, and her management of it is a source of envy to her friends and patrons. In the back it is twisted into a loose knot that shows innumerable shades of brown and gold, and which seems to get as much support from the collar of her dress as it does from the silver and shell pins that pierce it. Over her forehead two pompadours are rolled, the first almost touching the delicately pencilled eyebrows. The fragrance of her hair may be imagined when it is known that she has it rinsed in extracts of violets every day in the week.

Fanny Davenport wouldn't give a dollar for all the hair in the Sutherland family, considering an abundance the bane of a woman's existence. When one takes into consideration the time spent in keeping a wig of hair in order, the wisdom of La Tosca's opinion will be acknowledged, for it is not possible to have clean hair with less than three hours' brushing and combing a week, nor a neat arrangement without half as much time spent in front of the mirror. More than that, the man who knows marriage is a failure will admit that the unsightly curl papers at breakfast made him lose his first hold on love. Miss Davenport in private life has light-brown hair, which she keeps trimmed and thinned, and dresses in a carrotty-like bunch on the top of her head. Her most picturesque style as La Tosca is a Psyche knot, with a fillet of gold bound round the crimped hair again and again.



KATHRYN KIDDER.

No such hair ever grew on a human head as Rosina Vokes', which is as much a part of her charm as her acting or her dancing. Unable to bring it to a part she wears it just as nature intended it to be worn without a pin or a comb, a band or a roll. Perfectly straight from the crown to scalp line, this mass of hazel-brown hair rolls into a sudden curl which makes a perfect frame for her face, ears and neck, giving a really small head the opposite appearance. Scroggs, the pet dog of the actress, first attracted her attention by his shaggy, silky coat, which Miss Vokes declared was twin to her hair.—*New York World.*

The New Music Hall.

At last Toronto is to have a music hall of sufficient dimensions to give first-class concerts at popular prices. The site selected is on King street between York and Emily streets. The building will be 72 x 220 and seat ordinarily 2,200. On special occasions the seating capacity can be increased to 2,800. The main hall will be on the street level with a commodious gallery reached by two grand staircases. A smaller hall 45 x 72 called the banquet hall will be used for refreshment rooms, suppers, practice room, etc. There will be eight private boxes, and ample cloak rooms, lavatories and dressing rooms for artistes and audience. The estimated cost of the building, exclusive of land, is $50,000 and organ $7,000.

The plans are well advanced, but before completing them, the architect and gentlemen interested will visit some American cities next week to inspect the most recent erections of this kind, with a view to adopting any improvements considered desirable. It is intended to have the main hall ready this fall. The name has not been settled yet, but Royal Canadian Academy of Music, or Canadian National Academy of Music are titles which are being considered.

Art and Artists.

No doubt the most of the artists and those interested in art in Toronto were with Mr Villiers in the tour last week through the Balkans, the passes of Afghanistan, on the battle fields of Plevna and Tel-el-Kebir and many other interesting places which I need not enumerate. Many who were not interested in art, beyond feeling the pleasure which everyone feels on seeing pictures, enjoyed the talks and the views of Mr. Villiers, the former war artist of the London *Graphic*, at the Horticultural Pavilion, on the evenings of Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week. The chief interest of Mr. Villiers' sketches to an artist or an art student, consists in seeing what sort of work a draughtsman could do in such circumstances as surround the war artist. Mr. Villiers is to be commended for reproducing his rough sketches. No one expected to see or wanted to see finished drawings. There is a short-hand in art as well as in letters. An artist who tries to delineate the ever changing scenes of war must be familiar with the shorthand of art, and the practised eye can tell the work of the expert stenographer of the pencil at a glance. The roughest sketch is as amenable to criticism as the most finished drawing, and shows as clearly, perhaps more so, the degree of artistic ability possessed by the drawer of the sketch. Mr. Villiers' sketches appeared to me to vary greatly in felicity of execution. Some in their firm and snappy lines showed the work of a master hand and eye, while others seemed as flimsy as a dude collar after an August picnic. Who knows but the height of the mercury affected the artist's work in a similar manner. Our sketch shows Mr. Villiers in the dress he wears while lecturing—the ordinary English walking costume. In appearance he is rather short, with broad shoulders and a rugged form which betokens a good constitution. His hair and beard are light, with here and there a silver thread among the gold. He would never be mistaken for a Frenchman on account of his accent, and I can imagine he would be no small potatoes in a fight.

The feature of a recent meeting of the Toronto Medical Society was the unveiling of a large oil portrait of Dr. Joseph Workman. The painting was the work of Mr. J. W. L. Forster, and was highly commended.

A very useful feature of the Toronto Art Students' League is a sketch club, which has for its object the drawing of original sketches from certain subjects chosen by a committee. The sketches are on view at the rooms of the League, on the first Monday evening of each month, and are voted on by the members of the League. At the end of the season the students who have obtained the highest number of votes will receive prizes.

Mr. O'Brien has had many visitors to view his collection of water-colors during the past two days. This afternoon will be the last opportunity of seeing the entire collection.

Mr. William Cruikshank is painting a portrait of Mr. Spooner, president of St. George's Society. VAN.

The Dress Sack Coat.

It is not by any means intended to take the place of a full dress coat and should never be worn where full dress is required. It is suitable only for informal occasions where full dress would be cumbersome or inconvenient and yet where anything *neglige* would be inappropriate. The newspapers which have written this coat up as a successor to the regular full dress coat have simply made themselves ridiculous.

The breezy articles they have contained were probably written by reporters who get so much per column, and who know no more about correct dress than a parrot does about syntax. A few who respect the eternal fitness of things have raised the cry in really fashionable circles, "Down with the Dress back," but they are unreasonable. The dress sack is an elegant and useful garment when it is not offensively obtruded where it has no right to appear, and it fills a long-felt want. It is the connecting link between elegant *neglige* and elegant evening dress, and should be much more extensively used than it is at present. But it can be worn for full dress no more appropriately than boxing gloves can be worn at a wedding.

The Cummerbum is taking the place of the dress vest, to be worn only with the above dress sack. It is a corded silk or satin band which is wound around the waist several times and tied in a loose knot; this is the latest novelty now worn in New York city. The collar, necktie and other details are precisely the same as worn for full evening dress. The above styles can be seen at the Fashionable West End Tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

Worse than Toronto.

"Yes," said a Chicago citizen, enthusiastically, "our city is forging ahead very rapidly in the direction of art and that sort of thing."

"Your artists must feel very much encouraged," commented a listener.

"They do," responded the citizen, "they do. Why, only one of 'em starved to death last week."

Making an Impression.

She (softly)—I shall never forget this night—and this ball.

He (tenderly)—Tell me—why?

She—And that last waltz.

He—You delight me!

She—And you!

He—You entrance me! Then I have impressed you?

She (more softly than ever)—Yes! You've about smashed two of my toes!

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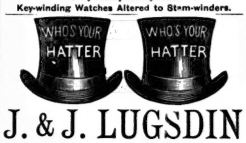

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[The story opens in the village of Cheriton, which wears a holiday aspect with flags and evergreen arches, and is melodious with pealing bells. The villagers are assembled to greet the wedded pair, Juanita, daughter of Lord Cheriton, and her husband, Sir Godfrey Carmichael. One young man rides out some distance to meet them, this man is Theodore Dalbrook, a cousin of Juanita, who has long regarded her with a more than cousinly affection, but who is honorable enough to repress his own feelings and to wish his successful rival the happiness he has lost. After greeting them he rides homeward, his mind tossed with conflicting emotions, and on his arrival gives but a curt greeting to the many silly questions of his somewhat faded, but still attractive mother, who professes to be learned in Spencer and in the deeper mysteries of Buddhism. Chapter two shows the newly wedded pair in the first days of their honeymoon at Cheriton Chase. They have visited their future home, the Priory, the residence of Sir Godfrey. On their return they have spent the evening conversing about the Strangway family, the former owners of the Cheriton estate, after the which household has retired Juanita is suddenly alarmed by hearing a foot-fall on the terrace. Investigation results in finding no one, and her husband, jokingly, tells her it must have been a ghost.]

CHAPTER III.

THE DALBROOK PEDIGREE.

Before going further we should understand the pedigree of the Dalbrook family and Godfrey Carmichael, for upon it rests many of the strange developments of this story.

Cheriton Chase was one of the finest places in the county of Dorset. It lay south of Wareham, between Corfe Castle and Branksea Island, and in the midst of scenery which has a peculiar charm of its own, a curious blending of level pasture and steep hillside, barren heath and fertile water-meadow; here a Dutch landscape, grazing cattle, and winding streams; there a suggestion of some lonely Scottish deer walk; an endless variety of outline; and yonder on steep conical hill top the grim stone walls and moldering bastions of Corfe Castle, standing dark and stern against the blue fair-weather sky or boldly confronting the force of the tempest.

Cheriton House was almost as old as Corfe in the estimation of some of the country people. Its history went back into twilight ages. But while the castle had suffered siege and battery by Cromwell's ruthless cannon, and had been left to stand as that arch Destroyer left it, until only the outer wards of the mighty fabric remained, with a tower or two, and the mullions of one great window standing up above the rest, the mere skeleton of the gigantic pile, Cheriton House had been cared for and added to century after century, so that it presented now a picturesque blending of old and new, in which almost every corridor and every room was a surprise to the stranger.

Never had Cheriton been better cared for than by its present owner, nor had Cheriton village owned a more beneficent Lord of the Manor. And yet Lord Cheriton was an alien and a stranger to the soil, and that little village, whom rustics mostly are inclined to look down upon—namely, a self-made man.

The present master of Cheriton was a lawlord, created about fifteen years before this day of clashing joy bells and village rejoicings. He had been owner of the Cheriton estate for more than twenty years, having bought the property on the death of the last squire, and at a time of unusual depression. He was popularly supposed to have got the whole of his wealth out of the old song meant something between seventy and eighty thousand pounds, and represented the bulk of his wife's fortune. He had not been afraid to marry a rich wife's dowry, for he was at this time one of the most popular silk gowns at the equity bar. He was making four or five thousand a year, and he was strong in the belief in his power to rise higher.

The purchase, prompted by ambition, and a desire to take his place among the landed gentry, had turned out a very lucky one from a purely commercial point of view, for a stone quarry that had been unworked for more than a century was specially developed by the new owner of the soil, and became a source of income which enabled him to improve mansion, house and farms without feeling the pinch of his outlay.

Under Mr. Dalbrook's improving hand the Cheriton estate, which had been gradually sinking to decay in the occupation of an exhausted race, became as perfect as human ingenuity, combined with judicious outlay, can make an estate. The falcon eye of the master was on all things. The famous advocate's only idea of a holiday was to work his hardest in the supervision of his Dorsetshire property. He thought of Cheriton many a time in the law courts, as Fox used to think of St. Anne's and his turnips amidst the debauchery of a long night's card playing, or in the whirl of a stormy debate. Purbeck might have been the motto and password of his life. He was born at Dorchester, the son of humble shopkeeping parents, and was educated at the quaint old stone grammar school in that good old town. All his happiest hours of boyhood had been spent in the Isle of Purbeck. Those watery meadows and breezy commons and break-neck hills had been his playground; and when he went back to them as a hard-headed, over-worked man of the world, made arrogant from the magnitude of a success which had never known check or retrogression, the fountains of his heart were unlocked by the very atmosphere of that fertile land, where the salt breath of the sea came tempered by the balmy perfume of hawthorn, the odor of hedgerow flowers and wild thyme.

At Cheriton James Dalbrook unbent, forgot that he was a great man, and remembered only that his lot was cast in a pleasant place, and that he had the sweetest and most lovable of wives and the loveliest of daughters.

His daughter had been born at Cheriton, had known no other country home, and had never considered the second-floor flat in Victoria street where her father and mother spent the London season, and where her father had his *pied a terre* all the year round, in the light of a home. His daughter, Juanita, was the eldest of three children born in the old manor house. The two younger, both sons, died in infancy; and it seemed to James Dalbrook that there was a blight upon his offspring, such as blight as that which withered the children of Henry of England and Catherine of Arragon. Much had been given to him, much had been allowed to make name and fortune, he the son and heir of the little crockery shop in a second-rate street of Dorchester. He had been allowed the lordship of broad acres, the honors and position of a rural squire; but he was not to be allowed that crowning glory for which strong men yearn. He was not to be the first of a long line of Barons Cheriton of Cheriton.

After the grief and disappointment of those two deaths—first of an infant of a few weeks old, and afterwards of a lovely child of two years—James Dalbrook hardened his heart for a little while against the fair young sister who survived them. She could not perpetuate that barony which was the crown of his greatness; or if by special grace she were allowed to transmit the coronet, the title to the husband of her choice—which in the event of her marrying judiciously and marrying wealth, might not be impracticable—the title would be given to a race who would bear the title which he, James Dalbrook, had created. He had so longed for a son, and behold two had been given to him, and both had been blighted by death. He had praised his daughter's childish loveliness he shook his head despondently, thinking that she too would be taken like her brothers, before ever the bud became a flower.

His heart sickened at the thought of this continuing chain of his blighted hopes. Even in his dying childless, a first cousin, clerk in an auctioneer's office at Weymouth, a sandy-haired freckled youth, without an aspirate, with a fixed idea that he was a gentleman of fashion, style and billiards, an unsupportable young man under any conditions, but hateful to murderousness as one's next heir. To think of that freckled snob strutting about the estate in years to come, blinking with his white eyelashes at those things which had been so dear to the dead.

His wife, to whom he owed the estate, had no relations nearer or dearer to her than the freckled auctioneer was to her husband. There remained for them both to work out their plans for the disposal of that estate and fortune which was their own to deal with as they pleased. Already James Dalbrook had dim notions of a Dalbrook Scholarship Fund, in which future barristers should have their long years of waiting upon fortune made easier to them, and for which they should bless the memory of the famous advocate.

Happily those brooding fears were not realized; this time the bud was not blighted, the flower carried no canker in its heart, but opened its petals to the morning of life, a strong bright blossom, revelling in sun and shower, wind and spray. Juanita grew from babyhood to girlhood with hardly an illness, save the regulation childish complaints, which touched her as lightly as a butterfly's wing touches the flowers.

Her mother was of Spanish extraction, the grand-daughter of a Cadiz merchant, who had failed in the wine trade and had left his sons and daughters to carve their own way to fortune. Her father had gone to San Francisco at the beginning of the gold fever, had been one of the first to understand the safest way to take advantage of the situation, and had started a wine shop and hotel, out of which he made a splendid fortune within fifteen years. He acquired wealth, but he also acquired his two daughters to Paris for their education, and by the time they were grown up, he was rich enough to retire from business, and was able to dispose of his hotel and wine store for a sum which made a considerable addition to his capital. He established himself in a brand new first floor in one of the avenues of the Bois de Boulogne, a rich widower, more of an American than a Spaniard after his long exile, and he launched his two handsome daughters in Franco-American society. From Paris they went to London, and were well received in that upper middle-class circle in which a famous barrister ranks as a great man. James Dalbrook was then at the apogee of his success, a large handsome man on the right side of the fortieth birthday, not to be met by any means the kind of man who would seem a likely suitor for a beautiful girl of three and twenty; but it happened that Juanita's handsome face and commanding manner, his deep, strong voice and brilliant conversation, possessed just the charm that could subjugate Maria Morales' fancy. He was shrewd enough to see that he pleased her; and he followed up his chances here with the same vigor with which he had pursued the bright goddess Fame. Within six weeks of their first meeting at a Royal Academy soiree in the shabby old rooms, near Trafalgar Square, Mr. Dalbrook and Miss Morales were engaged, with the full consent of her father, who declared himself willing to give his daughter fifty thousand pounds, strictly settled upon herself, for her fortune, but who readily doubled that sum when his future son-in-law revealed his desire to become owner of Cheriton, and to found a family. For such a laudable purpose, and for his favorite daughter, Mr. Morales was willing to make sacrifices.

Juanita was only three years old when her father was raised to the bench, and she was not more than six when he was offered a peerage, which he accepted promptly, very glad to exchange the name of Dalbrook—still extant over the old shop window in Dorchester, though the old shopkeepers were all asleep in the cemetery outside the town—for the title of first Baron Cheriton.

As Lord Cheriton James Dalbrook linked himself indissolubly with the lands which his wife's money had bought; money made in a Frisco wineshop for the most part. Happily, however, few of Lord Cheriton's friends were aware of that fact. Morales had traded under an assumed name in the miners' city, and had partly resumed his patronymic on retiring from the bar and the wine vault.

It will be seen, therefore, that Juanita could not boast of aristocratic lineage upon either side. Her beauty and grace, her lofty carriage and high-bred air, were spontaneous as the beauty of a wild flower upon one of those furzy knolls over which her young feet had bounded in many a girlish race with her dogs or her chosen companion of the hour. She looked like the daughter of a duke, although one of her grandfathers had sold pots and pans, and the other had kept order, with a bowie-knife and revolver in his belt, over the humors of a Frisco tavern, in the days when the city was still in its wooden shanty-built infancy, fierce and bull-pup. Her father, who as the years went on, worshipped this only child of his, never forgot that she lacked that one sovereign advantage of good birth and highly-placed kindred; and thus it was that from her childhood he had been on the watch for some alliance which should give her these advantages.

The opportunity had soon offered itself. Among his Dorsetshire neighbors one of the most distinguished was Sir Godfrey Carmichael, a man of old family and good estate, highly connected on the maternal side, well connected all round. Sir Godfrey showed himself friendly from the hour of Mr. Dalbrook's advent in the neighborhood. He declared himself delighted to welcome new blood when it came in the guise of a man of such great power. The friendship thus begun never knew any interruption till it ended suddenly in a duel fought in the Wardham and Wimbourne, where Sir Godfrey's horse blundered at a fence, fell, and rolled over his rider, ten years after Juanita's birth.

There were two daughters and a son, who succeeded his father at the age of fifteen, and who had been Juanita's playfellow ever since she could walk or talk.

The two fathers had talked together of the possibilities of the future while their children were playing tennis on the lawn at Cheriton, or gathering blackberries on the common. Sir Godfrey was enough a man of the world to rejoice in the idea of his son's marriage with the heiress of Cheriton, albeit he knew that the little dark-eyed girl, with the tall slim figure and graceful movements, had no place among the salt of the earth. His own estate was a poor thing compared with Cheriton as Dalbrook had improved and beautified it, and the Cheriton stone quarries; and he knew that Dalbrook's professional earnings had accumulated into a very respectable fortune invested in stocks and shares of the soundest quality. Altogether his son could hardly do better than continue to attach himself to that dark-eyed child as he was attaching himself now in his first year at Eton, riding his pony over to Cheriton every non-hunting day, and ministering to her childish caprices in all things.

The two mothers had talked of the future with more detail and more assurance than the fathers, as men of the world, had ventured upon. Lady Cheriton was in love with her little girl's boyish admirer. His frank, hand-some face, open-hearted manner, and undeniable pluck realised her ideal of high-bred youth. Her only fear was the daughter of a duke, his grandmother was the niece of a duke. He had the right to call an existing duke his cousin. The things counted for much in the mind of the storekeeper's daughter. Her experience at a fashionable Parisian convent had taught her worship rank; her experience of English middle-class society had not eradicated that weakness. And then she saw that this fine, frank lad was devoted to her daughter in all a boy's ardent feeling for his first childish sweetheart.

The years went on, and young Godfrey Carmichael and Juanita Dalbrook were sweethearts still—sweethearts always—sweethearts when he was at Eton, sweethearts when he was at Oxford, sweethearts in union, and sweethearts in absence, neither of them ever imagining any other love; and now, the bells of Cheriton Church had rung a joy-peal to celebrate their wedded loves.

By a curious fancy Juanita had elected to spend her honeymoon in that one house of which she ought to have been most weary, the good old house in which she had been born, and where all her days of courship, a ten-years' courtship, had been spent. In vain had the fairest scenes of Europe been suggested to her. She had traveled enough to be indifferent to mountains and lakes, glaciers, and fjords.

"I have seen just enough to know that there is no place like home, she said, with her pretty air of authority. "I won't have a honeymoon at all if I can't have it at Cheriton. I want to feel what it is like to have you all to myself in my own place, Godfrey, among all the things I love. I shall feel like a queen with a slave; I shall feel like Delilah with Samson. When you are quite tired of Cheriton—and sybaritic—you shall take me to the Priory and once there you shall be master and I will be slave."

"Sweet mastership, tyrannous slavery," he answered laughing. "My darling, Cheriton will suit me better than any other place in the world for my honeymoon, for I shall be nearer future electors, and shall be able to study the political situation in all its bearings upon—the Isle of Purbeck.

Sir Godfrey was to stand for his division of the county in the election that was looming in the distance of the late autumn. He was very confident of success, as a young man might be that is one of a time-honored race, and knew himself popular in the district, armed with all the newest ideas, too, full to the brim of the modern Radical intelligence, a brilliant debater at Oxford, a favorite everywhere. His marriage would increase his popularity and strengthen his position, with the latent power of his larger wealth which must needs be his in the future.

Theodore Dalbrook, junior partner in the firm of Dalbrook & Son, Cornhill, Dorchester, was a more distant relative of Juanita's than the sandy first cousin in the auctioneer's office. Theodore Dalbrook had once served as the only alternative to a charitable endowment. The sandy youth was the eldest son of Lord Cheriton's only brother, long dead. Theodore was the grandson of a certain Matthew Dalbrook, a second cousin of Lord Cheriton's, and once upon a time the wealthiest and most important member of the Dalbrook family. The simple couple in the crockery shop had looked up to Matthew Dalbrook, solicitor, with a handsome old house in Cornhill, a smart gig, a stud of three fine horses, and half the country people for his clients. To the plain folks behind the counter, who dined at one and supped on cold meat and pickles and Dutch cheese at nine of the clock, Mr. Dalbrook, the lawyer, was a great man. They were moved by his condescension when he dropped in to the five o'clock tea, and talked over old family reminiscences, the farmhouse on the Weymouth road where was the cradle of their race, and where they had all known good days while the old people were alive, and while the homestead was a family rendezvous. That he should deign to drink tea in the little parlor behind the shop, he who had a drawing-room almost as big as a church, and a servant in plain clothes to wait upon him at his six o'clock dinner, was a touching act of humility in their eyes. When their younger boy brought home prizes and certificates of all kinds from the grammar school it was from Matthew they sought advice, modestly, and with the apprehension of being deemed presumptuous.

"I'm afraid he's too much of a scholar for the business," said the mother, shyly, looking at her tall overgrown son, pallid with rapid growth and over-much Greek and Latin.

"Of course he is; that boy is too good to sell pots and pans. You must send him to the university, Jim."

Jim, the father, looked despondently at James, the son. The university meant something near to the crockery business, and a vast expenditure of money; dreadful hazards to religion and morals; friendships with dukes and noblemen's sons, those influences that address the boy from his parents, and render him scornful of the snug back parlor, with his grandfather's portrait over the mantelpiece, painted by a gifted townsman, who once upon a time had a picture very nearly hung in the Royal Academy.

"I couldn't afford to send him to college," he said.

"Oh, but you must afford it. I must help you, Jim. Your grandfather's got enough in an old stocking anywhere—at least he's supposed to have. My boys are at the university, and they didn't do half as well at the grammar school as your boy has done. He must go to Cambridge, he must be entered at Trinity Hall, and if he works hard and keeps steady he needn't cost you a farthing. I'm sure he will work, Jim, James?"

"Wouldn't I just, that's all," James replied with emphasis.

His heart had sickened at the prospect of the crockery business; the consignments of pots and pans; the returned empties, invoices, quarterly accounts, matchings, rivetings, dust. The idea of a life spent where he could see the nobility of labor in that dusty shop, below the level of the pavement, amid ewers and basins, teapots and beer jugs, sherries and ports. But to work in the university—hard by that great college where Bacon had worked, and Newton, and a host of the mighty dead, and where Byron's wheel, a self-made man, still head—to work among the sons of gentlemen, and with a view to the profession of a gentleman. That would be labor for which to live; if need be.

"If—if mother and me were to strain a p'int," mused the crockery man, who was better able to afford the university for his son than many a gentleman of Dorset whose boys had to be sent there, willy nilly, "if mother and me that have worked so hard for our money was willing to spend a goodish bit of it upon sending him to college, what are we to do with him after he has made a fine gentleman of him? That's where it is, you see, Matt."

"You are not going to make a fine gentleman of him, God forbid. If he does well at Cambridge he can make a fortune at the Trinity Hall is the nursery of lawyers. You can article him to me; and look you here, Jim, if I don't have to help you pay for his education, I'll give his articles. There, now, what do you say to that?"

The offer was pronounced a generous one, and worthy of a blood relation; but James Dalbrook never took advantage of his kinsman's kindness. His university career was as successful as his progress at the quaint old grammar school, and his college friends, who were neither duke's nor noblemen's sons, but fairly sensible young men, all advised him to apply himself to the higher branch of the law; so James Dalbrook, of Trinity Hall, spent his dinners at the Temple during his last year of undergraduate life, came out seventh wrangler, was called to the Bar, and in due course were crimson, rhubarb and ermine, and became Lord Cheriton, a man whose greatness in somewise overshadowed the small provincial dignity of the house of Matthew Dalbrook, crest-fallen head of the family.

The Dalbrooks, of Dorchester, had gone upon their way quietly, thriving, respected, but in no sense fashionable. Matthew, junior, had succeeded his father, Matthew, senior, and the firm in Cornhill had been Dalbrook and Son for more than thirty years; and now Theodore, the eldest of a family of five, was Son, and his grandfather, the founder of the firm, was sleeping the sleep of the just in the cemetery outside Dorchester.

Lord Cheriton was too wise a man to forget old obligations or to avoid his kindred. There was nothing to be ashamed of in his connection with a thoroughly reputable firm like Dalbrook & Son, nothing to be minimized, but their name was a synonym for honor and honesty. They had taken quite root in the land as the county families whose title-deeds and leases, wills and codicils they kept. They were well-bred, well-educated, God-fearing people, with no struggling ambitions, no morbid craving to get upon a higher social level than the status to which their professional position and their means entitled them. They rode and drove good horses, kept good servants, lived in a good house, visited among the county people with moderation, but they made no pretensions to being smart. They offered no sacrifice of fortune or self-respect to the modern Moloch, Fashion.

The younger son, called Harrington, was destined for the church, and had advanced views upon church architecture and music, and the two unmarried daughters, Janet and Sophia, also held advanced views upon the woman question, and had a sovereign contempt for the standard young lady.

Theodore's lines were marked out for him with inevitable precision. He had been taken into partnership the day he was out of his articles, and at seven-and-twenty he was his father's right hand, and represented all that was modern and progressive in the firm. He was steady as a rock, had an intellect of singular acuteness, a ready wit, and very pleasing manners. He had above all things the inestimable gift of an equable and kindly temper, and had been everybody's favorite from the nursery upwards, popular at school, popular at the university, popular at the club, popular in the hunting field; and it was the prevailing opinion of Dorchester that he ought to marry an heiress and make a great position for the house of Dalbrook. Some people had gone so far as to say that he ought to marry Lord Cheriton's daughter.

Theodore had made free of the great house at Cheriton from the time he was old enough to visit anywhere. His family had been bidden to it nominally for tennis, but they only on ice] upon, at not too long intervals, by Lady Cheriton. He had ridden by Juanita's side in many a run with the South Dorset foxhounds, and had talked about with her many a covert. They had picnicked and made gipsy tea at Corfe Castle; they had rambled in the Purbeck woods and lanes; they had sailed to Branksea, and, further away to Lulworth Cove, and the romantic caves of Stare; but this had been all in frank cousinly friendship. Theodore had seen only too soon that there was no room for him in his kinswoman's heart. He began by admiring her as the loveliest girl he had ever seen; he had ended by adoring her, and he adored her still; but with a loyal regard which accepted her position as another man's wife; and he would have died sooner than dishonor her by one unholy thought.

(To be Continued.)

Variety is the Spice of Life.

"As we pen these lines," wrote the able editor, "our eyes are rivers of tears, and our soul is fraught with polygnam wow, and luminous ether, that shoots more lustrous than all the stars about her, has died out, and is dead forever. Gladys Swivelhurst—Gladys, the beautiful, the queenly, is dead!

At this juncture the foreman entered the able editor's room, and informed him that a certain bill was accounted for in the last column on the second page, and the editor wrote this:

"We must have money to carry on our business. Several hundreds of dollars are due us, and if they are not forthcoming immediately the accounts will be placed in the hands of a collector."

Having dashed this off, he continued the article about the dead one:

"Her life and death reminds me of the bore but beautiful existence of the flower, born under smiling skies, nourished by gentle breezes, only to be cut off by the pitiless wind from the north. It seems like an unhallowed crime—that Gladys is dead; but she is doubly dead, in that she died so young."

Here he was called to the telephone, and was informed by the manager of the Brokelaste Coal Company to write and print a short reading notice for that corporation, and he at once complied thus:

"Every man's house should be his palace, and a palace would be very uncomfortable and unhealthy if the chimney smoked. Order his coal of the Brokelaste Coal Company. This coal is free from dirt, dust and clinkers. It burns freely and gives great heat. Purchasers will be delighted to receive this coal and having used this coal once, will buy no other."

Then the death notice was continued:

"It was in the morning of the wedding day; the golden glow of the sunlight, streaming into her chamber, seemed a promise of a life of happiness to come; but, ere the shadows of the evening had fallen upon the brown earth, the deeper and colder shadow of death dimmed those tender eyes, left the damp upon her beautiful brow, and all was over."

Here a messenger handed him a note. He read it, and taking another sheet of paper, soon sent the following to the printer:

"James Cobbleton tells a good joke on Andy Shellhorn. For several nights the latter had been annoyed by cattle which broke into his yard, destroying garden sass. At last, enraged beyond endurance, he bought a gun, and hearing the usual racket in the garden about midnight, he ran out to the rescue of his sass and blazed away. In the morning he found that he had shot one of his own cows, which had broken from its stable and wandered into the yard. The laugh is on Andy."

He again resumed the obituary:

"We have watched this young girl grow from childhood to womanhood, and from womanhood. We have watched her when she went by like a sunbeam, and marveled at her beauty; and today we see the bridal robes substituted by the clinging cerements of death, and our tears seem drops of blood ebbing from a crushed and anguished heart."

At this moment a reporter entered the room and handed him a marked copy of a local contemporary, after reading which he rapidly penned the following:

"The scurrilous dish-rag which is published in an obscure alley of this town, by a lop-eared leper named Gladys Swivelhurst, has to wash the tar off his body with benzine, says that we received fifty dollars for supporting General Strutover for the office of constable. It is scarcely worth while for us to contend this is an infamous lie which would make Ananias green with envy, were it not for the fact that there are people who do not know the true character of the moral and physical wreck making the charge. We do brand it as a lie, therefore; and as a lie we will cram it down the throat of the degenerate coward who uttered it."

The obituary was then taken up again:

"In this, the dark hour of our sorrow, we have the sweet consolation of knowing that the gentle Gladys, too lovely for the harsh blasts and tempests of earth, is now where the tear never falls, where the sigh is never heard, where the footfalls of death never echo on the jasper streets. We can only hope in the uncertain future, when we, too, have crossed the waters of the river of death, we can meet her there where the roses bloom forever, and snowy pinions fan the perfumed air."

Another telephone message, and the editor, taking a fresh slip of paper, scribbled this:

"Genial Tom Breighton is going about town to day with a broad smile, on account of a handsome boy baby who has taken up his abode at the house. Tom has the congratulations of ye editor."

Then he wrote the final sentences of the death notice:

"This is indeed a sweet thought, yet we are stricken with sorrow that in all the weary years to come, we can hear her voice no more. But what avail words? We cannot speak the thoughts that surge through our brain; the tears fall from our eyes on the paper before us, and the pen drops from our hand. Peace, eternal peace, to the ashes of her who is gone."

The day's work was now done.

"Jaws," said the editor, wearily, to the reporter, "let us go over to Patsey Cardey's saloon and shake for the drinks."

Result of Mrs. Langtry's Scheme of Dressing Ushers in Appropriate Costumes.

Usher (to manager)—I've wore kilts for Macbeth, tights for Faust, an' bog trotters for The Lorgaire; but, by ginger! I want you to understand this is th' last straw! an' I'm goin' to kick!!—*Puck.*

Wonderful Stone Masons.

The old Egyptians were better builders than those of the present day. There are blocks of stones in the Pyramids which weigh three or four times as much as the obelisk on the London embankment. There is one stone, the weight of which is estimated at eight hundred and eighty tons. There are stones thirty feet in length which fit so closely together that a penknife may be run over the surface without discovering the break between them. They are not laid with mortar either. We have no machinery so perfect that it will make two surfaces thirty feet in length which will meet together as these stones in the Pyramids meet. It is supposed that they were rubbed together with water upon each other until the surfaces were assimilated, making them the world's wonders in mechanical skill.

Just the Thing.

Young Lady—Anything new in writing paper?

Dealer—Yes, miss; we have one new style ugly enough to give folks a fit, and so rough that no human being can write on it.

How cute! Give me a tox.

A Thankful Spirit.

"Yes, sir, we are rivers of tears, and our soul is fraught with polygnam wow, and luminous ether, that shoots more lustrous than all the stars about her, has died out, and is dead forever. Gladys Swivelhurst—Gladys, the beautiful, the queenly, is dead!

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me anything you have to be thankful for in the past year?

Johnny (without hesitation)—Yessur.

Teacher—Well, Johnny, what is it?

Johnny—Why, when you broke your arm you couldn't lick us for two months.—*N. Y. Life.*

A Grim Reminiscence at a Wedding.

One of the most terrible, as it is also one of the most thrilling, tales that history has to tell, is recalled by the announcement in the Scottish papers of Miss Edith Brydon's marriage in Vernacs Cathedral. This lady's father was the famous Dr. Brydon, of the Afghan massacre of January, 1842—the one survivor who, wounded and faint and weary, after a more perilous ride, reached Jellalabad to tell General Sale the piteous story of what had taken place in the Khyber Pass. They were 16,000 or, counting women and children, 26,000—who set out from Cabul on that ill-starred journey; and he was the only man who had escaped. Between the dark crags of Lugdilak the murderous Afghans had their fill of blood. The death trap ran with the gore of soldiers, camp followers, women, and children alike. Dr. Brydon alone escaped.

A Considerate Son.

Father (taking down the switch)—You know that it causes me great pain to punish you, Willie, but—

Willie (edging towards the door)—Father, if I were to cause you unnecessary pain, my conscience would torture me for a year.

Make no Mistake.

Three or four passengers on the rear platform of a Woodward avenue car were sniffing in disgust the other day when a man who had to clutch on the railing to hold himself up, spoke up and said:

"Shentlemen, make no mistake. Er conduck'er may be drunk, too; but its my breath znak er perseh er atmosphere. 'Doan' lay er to er conduck'er.'

How She Knew.

He—What made you think that picture in the exhibition was mine? You must be a judge of art to know it was designed.

She (modestly)—You flatter me. I really didn't know it was yours until I saw everybody laughing at it.

Not Sufficiently Specific.

"Yacob, where did I lay down mine spegdacles?"

"Righd unter your nose, Vater."

"Don'd pe so intefinite, mine son. You shouldn't drifle mit de old man."

A BAD MAN'S SWEETHEART.

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "The Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "Widower Jones," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

AT CROSS-PURPOSES.

"What do I think of it, Dell? I think it is the meanest thing I ever heard you propose. I didn't think you could be so cruel."

This was Bee McKinley's answer when Dell asked her what she thought of her plan for protecting Mrs. King from her own folly and Tully's mercenary advances. The longer Dell had considered the matter the more fixed her intentions became of fighting Mr. Tully with his weapons. With mature thought the plan did not grow less dista-teful to her honest nature, but that some such course was an absolute necessity and within the line of her duty, made her determined without making her brave. She felt she had courage enough to undertake it, and that when she had once begun, she would be able to carry it through, but she wanted a *confidante*, someone to whom she could explain the real meaning of her conduct; someone who, should she fail, would know that her efforts had been prompted by a good motive; someone with whom she could consult, and who would assist her in carrying out what she proposed. When at last she decided on Bee McKinley her mind felt easier. She would insist on having Bee always with her when Mr. Tully was likely to be about, and in this way would be able to encourage him without giving him an opportunity for a definite declaration. Counting on Bee's intense love of fun, it had never entered her mind that she would object to joining in such a partnership. A note from Dell had brought Bee over early in the evening, and they were closeted together in Dell's pretty dressing-room.

"Mean! Cruel!" exclaimed Dell indignantly. "What is there mean or cruel about it?"

"There is nothing about it that isn't mean or cruel, Dell Browning," retorted Bee. "There are plenty of ways to make him cease his folly with Mrs. King without leading him to believe that you love him. Why, it will break his heart and send him to the dogs. Poor Tully, you don't seem to think he has any feelings."

"Now, Bee, do have some sense. A man can't have any fine feelings, or enough heart to be broken, if he can make desperate love to a half a dozen women in as many months, and if there is any other way to stop him I wish you would propose it."

"Why, tell him right to his face what you think of his conduct and say he must quit. I am just as sure as I am alive he would," cried Bee earnestly.

"Would what? Quit his attentions to Madge? I am just as sure as I am alive he would do nothing of the sort. He is eaten up by vanity, and would think I was jealous and would try to put his arm around me and coax me to make it up. Bah! I know him too well to have any confidence in the possibility of getting him out of his folly, and would humiliate myself for nothing—for worse than nothing. He would go on making more desperate love than ever to Mrs. King, with the idea of making me so jealous that I could stand it no longer, and then he would feel sure of me rushing into his arms without more ado."

"Well, let me tell him, then. I am not afraid of him, and he couldn't think me jealous."

"But where would you tell him you had obtained your information? Thank goodness this matter hasn't become public yet. He would suspect at once I had sent you, and that would be worse than if I told him myself. Don't you dare to speak to him about it, Bee. I know of nothing that would humble me like being suspected of employing a go-between."

Little Bee sat in the low rocking-chair, her hands clasped around her knee, as was her wont in moments of abandonment. For a few minutes she was silent, attentively studying Dell's face.

"Dell," she exclaimed, as if she had suddenly arrived at a decision, "I will do as you ask me, but remember one thing, I am not doing it to keep Mrs. King from making a fool of herself, but because I believe you like Tully yet, and I encourage you and give him a chance to show how much in earnest he is, everything will come out all right yet."

"I don't care what you think, little silly. I will be able to prove that you are mistaken, and more than that, you will get to see so much of Tully's true character that you won't champion him again. You promise not to run away and leave me alone with him, not for a single moment!"

"You needn't be afraid, Dell, I will stay in sight, but I won't always promise to be within hearing," answered Bee, still looking quizzically at her friend.

When, later in the evening, Mr. Tully arrived, Dell took possession of him before Mrs King had a chance to make a move. Mrs. Flambert came in later, then Mr. Stryde, but Dell's kindness to Mr. Tully was so marked, the banker did not stay long. Mrs. Flambert was delighted, and with a very shrewd suspicion that Mrs King was anything but pleased, attached herself to that lady and became exceedingly enthusiastic in speaking of her pleasure that Dell had at last made up her mind to marry Mr. Tully.

"It does look almost like it—whether he is willing or not," observed Mrs. King with great acidity.

Mrs. Flambert was now certain of her ground. "He is 'willing' enough. I told him one day he was spoiling his chances by being over-anxious, and lately the artful rascal has been flirting with others, just to make her jealous."

"He seems to have succeeded," answered Mrs. King, with a yawn and a malicious glance towards the conversation chair in which Tully and Dell were seated.

They were almost facing each other, Dell's face brighter and more vivacious than it had been for many a day. Tully's intense, eager look was very unlike the serene smile with which he ordinarily concealed his feelings. He was speaking rapidly, now and then making a quick, graceful sweep with his arm, as if illustrating some irresistible or violent circumstance. The astute little Bee sat strumming on the piano, as she afterwards described it —playing "incidental music" for the love scene in the conversation chair, and pretty and suitable music it was—a bar or two from one well-known song after another—plaintive minors, sweet refrains repeating and repeating themselves, interspersed with gay movements and snatches from bright operatic airs. The music effectually prevented Mrs. King and Mrs Flambert from overhearing what was being said, and when Bee's sharp ears detected a lull in the Flambert-King conversation, the music grew much louder.

"Now, Mr. Tully," said Dell, laughingly, "don't make explanations. I always understood that men of the world never make them—they are so apt to explain themselves into a worse situation than the one they are trying to get out of."

"Pardon me, Miss Browning, but I am not speaking as a man of the world now. I must explain. You may not understand, you may not believe me, but for Heaven's sake let me put the best construction I can on my conduct."

"Don't bother constructing it, Mr. Tully. It would be easier to reconstruct yourself."

"But I want to make you believe that there is a possibility of my reconstructing myself. You have treated me so coldly lately that I have been in the deepest depths of despair lest I had committed the unpardonable sin, and was to be forever shut out from the light of your countenance——"

"Now, now, Mr. Tully, don't ask me to stretch my imagination too far. I can't conceive of you being in despair, and certainly you haven't shown any symptoms of dejection. I am afraid you are trying to impose on my credulity," retorted Dell.

"But you know, Miss Browning, people are sometimes very sick without showing it. No matter what you may think of my behavior that night after the service at the Pavilion, or of the bad taste I showed in accepting the invitation, I don't want you to believe me a hypocrite or imagine that I would go about in sackcloth and ashes so that people might think I was penitant, nevertheless, I am sorry, in a cynical way you laugh at my explanation is much harder for me to bear than the sharp reproofs and candid criticism—or—e—, and candid criticism in which you used to indulge."

"Well, I went indulge in it any more, Mr. Tully. I think I must have got to taking life too seriously, so you see I am trying to reconstruct myself. Let us agree to be frivolous."

"But I don't want to, I never felt more serious in my life and you can't be frivolous. You may be cynical."

"Well, then, why not cynical, Mr. Tully?" interrupted Dell. "Is that a *role* that you wish to monopolize?"

"It is certainly a *role* that I don't desire to see you adopt. I meet enough of it in the world to make me anxious to find someone who is sincere. I always liked you—I say 'liked' because I dare not use a stronger word—because you are restless. After one fights in the courts with business men who are willing to adopt any *role* to gain their ends, with criminals who will make any plea to escape justice, I have looked with admiration—yes, adoration—at you because you are always the same. You had the ring of purity in your voice, the stamp of sincerity in your eye. Tonight you seem different. The change frightens me. Have I fallen so low that you feel you can no longer treat me as you do other people?"

"You flatter yourself, Mr. Tully," answered Dell, with a hardening of her voice, "when you imagine I would study a particular *role* for your especial benefit."

"Believe me, Miss Browning, I am not accusing you of studying any part, but arming yourself against me with a cynicism which I know you do not feel towards mankind—it is a scepticism of my motives, and wounds me as disbelief in my individual self."

"Oh, you vain man, you apply everything to yourself. I really suspect you of imagining that the world was created for you and the rest of us were put here to amuse you."

"Yes, I know that is what you believe," answered Tully, dejectedly, "but if you knew how out of joint I am with the world and myself you would find no reason for your suspicion. I have tried to take life as a joke, I thought it easier to laugh at my own misfortunes than those of other people, or to fight with and than try to change what I did not create, but now my miseries are past the joking point. You do not know, you be whispered intensely, "how utterly miserable I am, how I hate myself, or what insurmountable reasons I have for my deadly disgust of what I have done and what I am. Do you remember once I told you I believed a man could stand on one foot in the hot sun all day and rest himself by just looking at you? You are so gentle, so cheerful, your presence in a room seems to quiet every disturbance, the touch of your hand set everything straight. I long for the privilege of being near you and feeling the quiet and contentment you seem to bring. I have been too thoughtless, selfish and careless to appreciate the privilege, the possibility of such happiness, yet after all it wasn't selfishness alone. There always seemed to be a gulf fixed between us. Now it is wider than ever, never so wide as to-night, though for the first time in months I am permitted to be near you. Your presence is a reproach. I know your distrust of me is so well deserved it tortures me, and yet," he cried, leaning towards her, "Dives, in the agony of his lost state, didn't look up to heaven with greater longing, with more bitter remorse, than I look at you, and wish to God I had died before I met you."

"Why, Mr. Tully," exclaimed Dell, involuntarily moving further away from him, impressed in spite of herself by his despairing voice and pale face and the brilliancy of his eyes under which were dark circles that she attributed to recent dissipation. As she moved from him he threw himself back against the circling arm of the chair. She laughed somewhat nervously.

"Really you can't expect me to be serious when you talk in this very melodramatic strain."

Mrs. King and Mrs. Flambert had observed the very striking passage in the dialogue and had found it impossible to restrain their curiosity sufficiently to continue their conversation. Bee at the piano had also noticed from the corners of her bright eyes that Tully was growing excited and the music took a very loud and merry turn which startled the widow into an effort to appear unobservant.

"I suppose you thought you were addressing the jury didn't you, Tully," cried Mrs. Flambert, raising her voice.

"Yes, I was giving Miss Browning a sample of my ornate and persuasive style," Tully answered with a forced laugh, but the music was too loud to permit a conversation at such long range, and Mrs. Flambert did not attempt to continue it.

After the awkward pause Tully and Dell seemed unable to renew their dialogue, and Mrs. Flambert suggested a visit to the conservatory to Mrs. King who very unwillingly abandoned the field to her rival. Bee very unwisely made a movement as if to follow them and Dell took alarm.

"Bee, take Mr. Tully out to the conservatory. I must pay my good-night visit to Jack if you will excuse me for a few minutes, Mr. Tully."

Jack was not asleep, but too angry to forgive Dell for having preferred Mr. Tully's society to his. "Jack, you are real cross," she whispered coaxingly, as she clasped his face between her hands, "and I am going to kiss you good night and leave you."

He still refused to speak, but after she had gone he turned his face to the wall and pretended himself to sleep. A little before ten Kate McKinley and Teddy Grigsby called for Bee and at once became the butt of Mrs. Flambert's rather uncomfortable wit.

"Come over here, Teddy, and sit down by me."

"Really, Mrs. Flambert, I am afraid of you," answered the blushing Teddy as he pushed his spectacles closer to his eyes, "you ask such very direct questions. Shall I go over to her, Kitty; do you think it would be safe?" he inquired, turning his kindly face towards Miss McKinley with that faltering and uncertain look one may notice in the countenance of a blind man when trying to find his way.

"Of course, Teddy," laughed Kitty with exceeding pleasure in her face that she should be asked, "if she asks you any leading questions don't answer."

"Now, Teddy," began Mrs. Flambert when she had gotten her victim in the seat beside her. "what is this I hear about you and Kitty?"

"I—I—I reall—you had better ask Kitty herself."

"Come here, Catherine," cried Mrs. Flambert aside to another relative, "are you and Teddy really engaged?"

"No," answered the matter-of-fact Miss McKinley, "we are not."

"Why, Kitty," interrupted Teddy, "I thought we were."

"Well, I would like to know what made you think so, Mr. Grigsby," answered Kate, sharply.

"Well, really, I—of course I am wrong. It was presumption in me to think so; I ought to have said that I hoped so."

Mrs. King and Bee were at the piano, where Dell was preparing to play an accompaniment for Mr. Tully, so the indefatigable match-maker thinking they were unobserved, placed one of her arms affectionately around Kitty McKinley's waist and the other she passed through the long and awkward arm of Mr. Grigsby. As she drew them together she whispered, "Kitty, why don't you have pity on Teddy? The great big goose will never have courage enough to ask you any more directly than he has already. Let me be the witness of your engagement."

There was a little pause just long enough to make Kitty feel that she had not betrayed too much eagerness when she answered, "Well, if Teddy wants it to be so."

"Want it, Kitty," stammered Teddy, "you know I want you, Kitty, I have been trying to say so for a month and I thought I had made myself clear."

"Well, you have now any way, Teddy, and I want you to do something for me, both of you, mind, I must have your united help."

"What is it," demanded straightforward Kitty.

"I want you to help Tully to make his peace with Dell.

"I am sure I will help you with the greatest pleasure," whispered Kitty, but Teddy with a sudden jerk which straightened up his tall form seemed inclined to object.

"I can count on you too, can't I, Teddy?" inquired Mrs. Flambert.

"It isn't any of my business you know, Mrs. Flambert, I would be awfully obliged if you wouldn't ask me, and at best I would be sure to do more harm than good."

"You would, indeed," answered Mrs. Flambert, "if I left you to do your own planning. All I want is for Kitty to do as I tell her, and for you to do as Kitty says. My heart is set on making this match, and I don't care what anyone thinks, Tully only needs half a chance and he will be a good man. Now don't throw back your head, Teddy, like that, an old married woman like me knows more about these things than a clumsy, near-sighted, overgrown boy like you. You hear things without seeing them, and suspect Tully of being much worse than he really is."

"Oh, don't misunderstand me, Mrs. Flambert, I like Steve Tully. For many years we have been intimate friends. I haven't a word to say against him, only I really can't dip into anybody's else business without feeling that I ought to be kicked."

"But you won't have to 'dip,' Teddy, I will do the 'dipping,' but you must act under Kitty's instructions."

"Of course, of course," exclaimed Teddy, pushing his spectacles up close to his eyes that he might better find his way around the chair to where Kitty stood, "I will do anything that Kitty says."

"Kitty," said Mrs. Flambert tenderly, her bright eyes filling with tears, "you have found a treasure in Teddy. There are few like him; few, very few men who hate to interfere in other people's business. If you aren't good to him you will deserve to be miserable all the rest of your life."

Teddy had found Kitty's hand resting on the back of the chair, and as he held it tightly in his own, he answered: "I am not afraid of her, but of myself; I am so clumsy and stupid! Do you think I can make you happy, Kitty?"

"Yes, Teddy."

"How like a pair of babies you talk! Come home at once; you are too young to be out after dark," cried Mrs. Flambert, with a desperate but ineffectual attempt to get them out of the room long enough for Tully to have another word with Dell.

"May I come to-morrow night?" Tully implored, as he was about to take his leave. "I have something I must tell you. I could not to-night, for we were not alone."

"You may come if you wish," answered Dell, as she caught Bee's arm and detained her long enough to prevent Tully from saying more; "and Bee, she whispered, "you must come to-morrow night. *He* is coming again." Bee nodded and was gone, leaving Dell alone with Mrs. King.

"You made a very pretty exhibition of yourself, Dell," began the widow, fiercely. "I never before saw anyone throw herself at a man's head quite so distinctly as you did to-night."

"I am becoming like you, Madge, and begin to think I have no time to lose. Good-night!"

(To be Continued.)

Easterner (in Western town).—I don't see any school in this town.

Westerner.—You don't? Guess you must be near-sighted. Don't you see that sign over that there door: "Teechin Dun Heer?"

His Apology.

A delightful story is told of Thomas Poole. Who, a person of some local importance, and with certain claims to respect and difference," which everybody recognized, took it in his head to hold forth in Poole's presence—perhaps out of pure love of irritating a fellow-creature—in authoritative disparagement of Coleridge and Wordsworth, Poole boiled, and told the reviler, in the most emphatic manner that he was a fool.

Poole was sorry for it afterwards. "Did I call him a fool? How very wrong of me! How very wrong! Would it do any good to apologize? I am sure, if it would give him any satisfaction, I would apologize in a moment." So he returned—"I am sure, sir, I am very sorry I was rude to you just now. I apologize most sincerely. I wish I wasn't so hasty. It was extremely wrong of me. But—but—but"—(with a gulp, as if he were all but choking)—"how could you be such a confounded fool?"

French Gallantry.

During the late empire Dupaty was heard to remark at a fashionable gathering: "At that time, Marchioness, I was in love . . ." (then suddenly interrupting himself), "but no doubt you are astonished that any one should fall in love before knowing you!"

Barbey d'Aurevilly, the old nobleman, was lately accosted by an old lady with white hair at a party given by the Baroness de P——. "Don't you recognize me, Monsieur d'Aurevilly?"

Silence on the part of the gentleman.

"It is many years since we met . . at Rennes . . in 1848."

"Ah! Madame," Barbey exclaimed, "I have greatly changed since that time!"

Costs on the Right Party

An Alabama man, charged with stealing a calf, made the following statement: "I was always taached to be honest, an' most always have been, but when I seed that calf I caved, I never wanted a calf so bad in all my life, an you all know that when a man wants a calf he wants it bad."

The jury returned the following verdict: "We, this jury, air satisfied that Steve stole that calf, but, as the feller that owned the animal is considerable of a slouch, we agrees to clear Steve an' make the slouch pay the cost."

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The Heredity of Avocation.

Mrs. Felteg.—Phwat a shame Julie's not a boy, John, so's we cud git her an th' foorce, phin she's oulder!

Officer Felteg.—Whist, dar-r-rlin', th' matron at hid-quarthers do be gittin' ould fasht.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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Over-fond Parents.

"A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure," says the author of Proverbial Philosophy. All good people love children and delight in their happiness, but there are some fond parents who are so absorbed and wrapped up in their little ones that they seem to forget everything else. We go to some houses where the baby, his ailments, his precocious doings, his resemblance to one or other of his parents, and everything connected with him is the staple of conversation morning, noon and night. He is trotted out for the amusement and admiration of visitors who are expected to kiss and fondle the dear little darling, and take an interest in listening to all his mishaps and adventures. If the object of worship has passed the age of babyhood the caller is compelled to be a patient auditor of his or her attempts at recitation, or singing, or perhaps to undergo the infliction of a piano solo by the infant phenomenon. The most interesting conversation will be ruthlessly interrupted by irrelevant details as to the progress of affairs in the nursery or playground. Now no reasonable person could object to a little of this. Nothing can be more natural than that a mother should, like Cornelia of old, take pleasure in showing her jewels. But it is often carried to an unreasonable extreme. It is in decidedly bad taste to be always and incessantly intruding any one subject upon the notice of guests, even if it is the one nearest the heart. Loving parents ought to remember that other people cannot possibly take the same interest in their children as they do, and refrain from putting them forward, either in person or in conversation, till the subject becomes a bore.

Self-Possession.

It is surprising how many people who, in ordinary intercourse, are completely at their ease, seem to lose their self-possession when they enter society. They may be well-informed and fluent of speech under every-day conditions, but when introduced to a large social gathering they suddenly become nervous and abashed, unable, apparently, to converse otherwise than in monosyllables, and displaying in every feature and movement the signs of uneasiness and constraint. Everyone accustomed to society must have noticed and pitied these unfortunates, whose looks of shyness and desperate attempts to appear at ease only make it more obvious that they are like fish out of water. This feeling is by no means confined to the uneducated, or those whose training in social amenities has been deficient. It is not uncommon to see men and women of genuine culture and refinement, who are painfully lacking in self-possession when mixing in society. In a small informal gathering they might be delightful companions, easy in their manners and ready in conversation. But to the last they are the victims of a *mauvais honte* which renders a dinner party or a ball a dreaded ordeal to them, instead of enabling them to find pleasure in what to those more happily constituted are sources of delight. Such people appreciate to the full the cynical saying of Sir George Cornwall Lewis that "Life would be very tolerable but for its pleasures." The lack of social self-possession is a great misfortune. It is often due to a morbid self-consciousness—an altogether mistaken idea that every look and word of the victim is being carefully scrutinized, "set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote." They fear to open their mouths lest the "things one would rather have left unsaid," as *Punch* has it, may be everlastingly remembered against them. The feeling is akin to the "stage fright" from which so many actors and public speakers have never been able wholly to free themselves. Fully half of the bashfulness and nervous reticence of the sufferers is due to an exaggerated sense of their own importance. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the ordeal of passing creditably through an evening in society is so formidable as they imagine. Everyone should endeavor to acquire perfect self-possession under all circumstances, and to overcome the sense of constraint and timidity that is so great a drawback to the enjoyment of social intercourse. The marked success of American young ladies in the English matrimonial market, where so many of them have captured aristocratic husbands, is due less to their beauty or their good breeding than to their complete *aplomb* and self-possession. An American girl is not easily disconcerted or thrown off her balance by unfamiliar surroundings, and other things being equal, she enjoys an immense advantage on this score.

Mrs. Margaret Wilson Oliphant, better known as Mrs. Oliphant, is now sixty years old. She makes her home at Windsor, and this, together with the fact that she is a Scotch woman, has made her a favorite with the Queen, who reads novels, or rather has them read to her, and who takes every occasion to praise their healthy moral tone. Mrs. Oliphant is an amiable as well as an intellectual looking woman, with strongly marked features and silver gray hair, which she covers by the British matron's lace cap.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble, as she is generally called, has just entered upon her eighty-first year. It is more than sixty years since she made her first appearance at Drury Lane as Juliet.

Have you ever considered the possible broadening influence on music and the study of music which should be exercised by the recent advent among us of a number of young men who have received a continental education in their profession? There are Messrs. Forsyth, Field, Vogt and Lucas, of whom the three first are fresh from the traditions and influences of the great music school of Leipzic, with its wealth of musical history and its liberality towards new schools of thought and effort. The ability of these young men is unquestionable, and to their enthusiasm in their art and profession I can bear willing witness. Toronto has long needed such an influx of new blood as has lately been brought here. We have sailed along too placidly with the wind astern, hardly feeling whither it would waft us, and with these young fellows to pull the ropes and steer the ship, our musical argosy should bear her precious freight to a port where it will do good and shed new light and stimulate to new effort.

*

This reminds me that next to the name of Schuch, few names are so mis-pronounced as that of Mr. A. S. Vogt. The general public let him down easy with "Vott;" others pronounce in English phonetics; and some call him "Vote," as if he were only one of the free and independent electors—impersonal at that. The proper pronunciation is "Fohcht," giving the *ch* the well-known German so-called guttural sound; though why it should be called guttural is one of those things no fellow can tell. It is formed by raising the posterior middle part of the tongue towards the palate, and then allowing the breath to pass through with moderate force. There is nothing throaty about it, therefore it is not guttural. Try the above pronunciation and try it real hard, and you will succeed; and when next you meet Mr. Vogt you can delight him by calling him Fohcht, with the accent on the *ch*.

*

I hear that two of these young Germanicists, Messrs. Vogt and Field, are preparing a Wagner lecture, the literary part of which will be the work of Mr. Vogt, while the instrumental illustrations will be supplied by Mr. Field on the piano and by Mr. Vogt himself on the organ. This is right. The modern musical colossus, Richard Wagner, has revolutionized music to an extent that we in Toronto have really the slightest, dimmest apprehension of, and what we do feel in the matter has reached indirectly, through the works of men upon whose compositions, in a structural sense, he has exerted his influence. Among these may be named Verdi, in his Aida, and Boito, in his Mefistofele, one of the cleverest operas ever written. The English composers also have had to bow to the wand of the enchanter. Sullivan, the arch-impressionable one, distinctly shows this in the Golden Legend, as does also Mackenzie in the Rose of Sharon. And from such details of the scheme of our young friends as I have been favored with, I can promise that the proposed lecture will be rich in both instruction and entertainment.

*

Another step in the right direction is Mr. S. H. Janes' commendable liberality in offering a scholarship in the highest grade of piano study in the Conservatory of Music. This means increased diligence in preparation by candidates, and then a period of assured study, so that it works out both direct and indirect good. A gentleman told me not long ago, that he would like to give a scholarship in one of our two great musical institutions, but hardly knew what shape to give it, or which department of instrumental music to choose for it. This shows that the desire to help the good cause is growing, and we shall all rejoice if Mr. Janes' example will stimulate others to be similarly generous.

*

I hear that there will be a concert party of Canadian vocalists, who will brave the dangers of the prairies and the Rockies, on a tour to the Pacific this spring, among the members being Mrs. Caldwell, Mr. Warrington, and Mr. Arlidge. Another rumor that I have heard is that St. Peter's Church will solve the difficulty as to its choir department by placing the training thereof in Mr. Haslam's hands, and appointing Mr. J. E. Jones organist. I have also heard that the authorities of St. James' Cathedral have decided upon the plan for their new organ, and will have one costing only five thousand dollars. This is to be regretted, as it will be impossible to get an instrument adequate for the large space for such a small amount.

*

The scheme for establishing a college of organists is being steadily pushed forward. This is as it should be, though I am afraid that there will be lions in the path, the biggest, most formidable and most ferocious being the great question, "Who shall examine whom?" The well-known modesty of musical men is not sufficiently pronounced to make Brown tamely subject himself to go before Robinson, and let him sit in judgment upon the aforesaid Brown, when the latter gentleman thinks he knows a good sight more that the other fellow. And if the membership or honorary distinction is to be based upon old time or Old Country credentials the scheme will be a failure. It will be equally a failure if it is not laid out in such a manner that musicians of all politics—musically speaking—can see its advantages, and that without fear or suspicion of finding the interests of any one section abnormally present.

*

I would humbly suggest that the solution of the difficulty as to who shall examine the charter members, so to speak, will be found in a plan somewhat like the following: Let say three representative organists from the United States who can have no personal interest in the matter—such a Messrs. Clarence Eddy of Chicago, Dudley Buck of Brooklyn, and Eugene Thayer of New York—be invited to come over here and hold examinations. From those passing these examinations, the future body of examiners can be chosen, and no one can then reasonably take exception to the Canadian examiners, as all who distrust them will have had the option of going before the neutral foreign board. Some such plan as this will have to be chosen, if the college is to have the weight which can only come from a unanimous recognition of its scholarship and excellence.

*

Mr. Sims Richards gave a concert in the lecture room of the Jarvis street Baptist church on the evening of January 17, which was largely attended. I was not present, but have heard warm praises of Mr. Richards' reading Scot of Harden which is described as being funny to an extreme extent, the humor being heightened by the clever sketches by Mr. Bengough, with which the reading is illustrated. I hope Mr. Richards may be able to repeat this at some entertainment where all might see and hear it. Another local item is that Mr. Harry Blight and Mr. E. D. Schuch have been engaged to sing the bass solos at the Choral Society's performance of the Creation.

*

My attention has been directed to the fact that in my notice of the concert at St. Michael's Hall on January 3 I omitted to mention Mons. F. Boucher's name. As M. Boucher was one of the best artists present, and his violin solos were most excellent from an artistic standpoint, I wish to make up my omission now.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

Some years ago when the question of a large music hall for Toronto was first mooted, I suggested that when it was built nothing would attract more people to Toronto than a first-class Shakespearian festival with Booth, Barrett, McCullough (now dead, poor fellow), Frederick Warde, Keene, O'Connor, and some aspiring lesser lights together with Mary Anderson, Rose Coghlan and such a star support as would make it the dramatic event of America. Now that Mr. J. E. Thompson has undertaken the erection of a hall which will seat twenty-eight hundred people, it would be a good idea for him to endeavor to finish it before the theatrical season of 1889 and 1890 begins, and have such a festival as the opening event.

*

Booth and Barrett traveling together during the past season have been making money by the bushel. No such receipts have been known in America as have been the result of their joint production of Shakespearian dramas. Would it not be possible to induce some of these great actors and actresses to give us a week of Shakespeare as it should be played. Portions of the scenery employed for some of the recent magnificent productions in New York could be borrowed for the occasion. The prices would necessarily be high, but I feel certain that people from all over Canada and visitors from the United States would flock to Toronto on such a phenomenal occasion. There are thousands of cultured people in Canada, English and native, who reside in small towns and never have an opportunity of witnessing a really first-class theatrical performance. Many of them would come to Toronto and stay a week. They are exactly the sort of folks who spend money when they visit, and it would be a profitable thing for the merchants to have them here. The managers of the Industrial Fair are at a loss what great attractions to engage for next year. Toronto, while interested in the fair and not desiring to bring a competitive concern into existence, might well consider the advisability of attracting visitors earlier in the summer. If this idea strikes any of my readers as valuable they might write and let me know what they think about it, because there are a number of people who would willingly undertake the getting up of such a festival as I suggest if they were assured of the support and co-operation of their fellow-citizens.

*

At one time I liked very much to see Kate Castleton, as every man likes to see a pretty woman, particularly when she is well dressed, coquettish and amusing. Last time she was here I promised myself I would not bother going to see her again, for I am weary of For Goodness Sake Don't Say I Told You, and the half-dozen smiles, suggestive side glances and capers which, together with her shape, constitute her stock-in-trade as an actress. The first time one sees a pretty damsel dressed in cute Quaker garb, just short enough to bring a pair of fancy stockings into view, one can laugh to see her gives a little tilt and then pull it down with a look of overpowering modesty, but after observing the performance for what seems to be an almost unlimited number of years, one gets to see the thing in its right light and to notice that it is one of many rather suggestive pranks which are not edifying and should not be amusing and which, in fact, have ceased to be amusing. Unless Catharine can gather in some new ideas she had better bill herself next year at dime houses, for she is losing her drawing powers on the old tour.

*

Mr. Phil Daily is quite funny, Mr. Daniels who looks and acts like a maniac, was fairly good. Miss Deaves in her recitation, Beautiful Snow, narrowly escaped being hissed, Mr. Bridgeland, who performed the part of the dead bear, was only passable. The comedy itself, as usual with these messes of farcical porridge, has nothing in it. Taken throughout, the play, the company, and Kate Castleton herself, were of pretty much the same variety, and there won't be any wild clamor to see them again next season. Though Kate has ranked as a first-class attraction, and is one of the best of her kind, it must be admitted that it is a kind which has seen its best days and weariness on the part of the public rather than deterioration in either her or her company, makes me believe that Toronto has had pretty nearly all she wants of them.

> "In truth he was a noble steed,
> A Tartar of the Ukraine breed:
> It seemed as if the speed of thought
> Was in his limbs, but he was wild—
> Wild as the wild deer and untaught."

If my memory serves me, this is a poet's description of the prototype of the horse which has been performing at the Toronto Opera House this week. Miss Fannie Louise Buckingham's gallant gray, who bears the aristocratic name of James Melville, may have the speed of thought in his limbs, but nothing short of a streak of lightning could make him show it. James' hair is white with the snows of many winters, and his back is concave with the weight of years and Miss Buckingham. In the second act I heard him sigh deeply, and as he reached up abstractedly to nibble a leaf off the foliage painted side scene, I knew he was thinking of those happy days before the war, when he frisked about his dam in the clover-scented meadows of his native state. It would be a libel on the intelligent James to say he was untaught, for he loomed in the climax and took his part with extraordinary precision and good behavior. The story of Mazeppa is this: He is a Tartar who had been taken a prisoner when a child, and at the opening of the play is a page in the house of the Polish nobleman Castellan. He is loved by Castellan's daughter, who is promised by her father to another. Mazeppa tries to kill the favored man and for this crime is punished by being bound on the back of an untamed horse, which carries him over mountain and plain till he falls from exhaustion in the camp of Mazeppa's father, who is King of Tartary. The father recognizes the son and proclaims him his successor, thereby defeating the plan of an ambitious conspirator who had plotted to seize the throne. Mazeppa thereupon returns to Poland, takes vengeance on his enemies and wins his bride. Miss Buckingham's Mazeppa has nothing specially noticeable about it unless it is the lavish display of a person inclined to corpulence and her bad elocution. Some of the specialty business introduced in the first act is good, particularly the acrobatic feats of the Schrodie brothers. Mr. Murray as the King of Tartary gives promise of something better; but the elocution of Thamar, the conspiring chief, is something tart—in fact is of the Tartar emetic variety.

*

Next week Mrs. McKee Rankin will play The Golden Giant Mine at the Toronto Opera House. This play and this actress are too well known here to need description or commendation.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Lillian Russell expects her approaching appearance in Nadjy will be the hit of her career, and she is studying and practising as she never did before.

Sodom was a pretty bad town, and Gomorrah is reputed to have been worse, if anything. We all know what happened to those wicked cities. And yet neither of them ever was obliged to endure Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Langtry in Shakespearian drama at the same time. New York must be a very wicked city indeed!

Kyrle Bellew says: "I was doing Romeo one night at a little place down south, called I believe, Montgomery. In the tomb scene we had, as usual, two tree wings. The tomb was at the back of the stage. When the doors of Juliet's resting place were flung open I saw Mrs. Potter stretched out on a bench in the middle of what was supposed to represent a raging torrent in the Yosemite Valley."

A London actor has just made himself a martyr to the cause of scenic perfection. Brandon Thomas, having been assigned the role of Tammy Tamson, an aged Highlander, in his own clever farce, A Highland Legacy, dressed the part in kilts, which, of course, left his legs bare. Being unaccustomed to the dress, and a cold spell having just set in, poor Thomas, who was compelled to remain some time on a draughty stage, became so seriously indisposed that he lost his voice for a couple of nights, and had to resign his post to another. Such devotion to art has not been equalled since a certain historian blacked himself all over to play Othello.

Nym Crinkle, commenting on As You Like It, which is being produced at the Star Theatre, New York, by Louis James and Marie Wainwright, melodiously murmurs as follows: Many's the time I have sat under the melancholy boughs of As You Like It and seen the sunlight of morning come aslant through the resilient lines. It is the one poem that remains a poem, do what the stage will with it. The birds sing and the clear sky gleams in it, and all the benign influences of gentle nature, unruffled by the passion of man, murmur the eternal madrigal of love and freedom through its dancing musky shadows. It retains the smell of the trees and the flash of soft wings, whether you spread it open in the study or watch it move on the boards.

Anxious to see Irving's Macbeth, a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, says: "As I was passing up the Strand at eleven on Saturday morning I saw a small crowd of people peering into the darksome depth of the entrance to the Lyceum pit. I joined them to discover the meaning of the smiles which bewrayed their countenances. I found they were looking at a little band of enthusiasts who were waiting for the pit doors to open, which they did about seven o'clock in the evening, I suppose. I counted ten gentlemen and four ladies. Presently some of Mr. Irving's men came out and put up a big board to serve as a barrier. The enthusiasts adapted themselves to the board, and squatted down again on their haunches quite composedly. The ladies, in sombre black, such as befits a tragedy, munched at papers of sandwiches; three of the gentlemen smoked their pipes, another conned an acting edition of the play, another was groping for truth and information in critic Carr's canary-covered pamphlet, another was calmly reading a morning paper. In fact it was quite a pleasant picnic. This band of *devots* got the dozen seats in the middle of the front row of the pit. They deserved to be rewarded, for to picnic at a pit door on December 29—a raw, rainy morning—in an atmosphere like a newly-opened family vault, is surely the handsomest tribute that was ever paid to actor. The crowd was increasing by sixes at a time as I walked away, some bearing camp stools, others novels, others copies of the immortal William, not to mention paper bags full of buns nor forgetting flasks for refreshers. The buns, I presume, were to attune their stomachs to the evening's nightmare."

Such is Fame.

Mrs. Taussig—Have you ever heard Patti?

Mrs. Lakeson (of Saint Joe)—No; but I've seen her picture hundreds of times. She's the one who writes those charming little testimonials for the face-powders and things, isn't she

Shorty McKay.

For Saturday Night.

Shorty McKay, height six foot one—
Such men are all called Shorties—
Started his earthly course to run
Back somewhere in the forties.

When young we had plenty of hearty fun,
In our own old-fashioned way;
And together when older, in storm and sun,
We worked as we used to play.

The other night I was called to his side,
And leaning over his bed,
To me, scarce an hour before he died,
With faltering lips he said:

"Make my grave when I die by that hallowed spot,
Where Bessie McLeod is laid;
Where my soul so oft with its anguish fought,
Or for death's deliverance prayed.

"I've strewn wild flowers on that lonely mound,
Through all the weary years;
I wonder if ever she heard the sound,
Of my whispers and falling tears?"

While he spoke, I remembered as clear as day,
That in many a youthful crowd
I had noticed the form of Shorty McKay,
By the side of Bessie McLeod.

It's strange I never thought of it then,
But Bessie was bright and gay;
And he wasn't a man like other men,
E'en in that unfashioned day.

He was tall and loose-jointed, and at his best
Didn't look very spick and span;
But his heart was big and it thumped the chest
Of a true, square-dealing man.

But Bessie died ere her heart was won,
And Shorty suffered alone;
I knew not his heart and his hopes were undone,
Till his life had almost flown.

Oh! Shorty McKay, by your grave to-day,
I vowed I'd never forget
On two green hillocks bright flowers to lay,
Till my sun too had set.

With loving hands the blossoms I'll strew
On those graves in the summer days;
But those most wet with tearful dew,
I'll scatter on Shorty McKay's.

University College. MERRONEE.

A Coquette.

For Saturday Night.

Oh, she is like a summer sea,
That gleams and dimples in the sun,
And wooeth each impartially
That wandering on her shores may be,
And careth naught for any one.

That saucy sea! How fair to view,
How dangerous in a still retreat,
When suddenly to me she flew,
With foam-white arms, and swiftly threw
Them round my shocked and shrinking feet.

So with a merry company
I went a-sailing with the tide;
Strange tropic countries some did see,
And one went mad, one laughed in glee,
One lost his balance, sank and died.

But whether sailed we east or west,
Or north or south, there is no trace
Of all our perilous sad quest
Within her cold untroubled breast,
Or on her gleaming dimpling face.

Oh, soft to touch, and fair to see!
But my sweet sailing days are done.
Her clasp would be grim death to me,
While as for my fair mistress, she
Would keep on dimpling in the sun. HERALD.

High Tide by the Northern Sea.

Auld Maisie stands on the shore,
Where the foam-wreaths fa' and flee;
An' it's oh, for the bairns I bore
That are gane sae far frae me!
Oh, the wind that blaws cauld an smell,
An' my hairt is cauld an' sair.
The place o' the deith I canna tell,
But I'll see them never mair.

"Wi' a risin' win' an' a tide comin' in,
There's a deith to die;
When the win' gaes back, an' the tide's at the slack,
There's a spirit free.

"It's weel ye may mak' ye're mane,
It's weel ye may sob an' greet,
But the deid are deid an' gane,
Though ye haver at my feet;
For ye wan by my man awa',
An' my sons I'll never see,
An' still must ye cry an' ca'
When I've naethin mair to gie!

"Oh, why do ye cry to me sae?
There will nae boat sail the nicht;
Oh, why do ye steal roun' the bay,
Where ye loup sae wild an' white?
The lang waves tumble an' curl,
An' the rocks lie shairp between,
The curlews whistle an' skirl,
An' the saut wind blinds my e'en."

Auld Maisie turned on the shore
As the tide it rose breast hie,
An' she said, "When ye maned before
'Twas then ye were callin' me;
Your voice was the voice o' the deid,
They cry that I could na' ken;
But the deep sea kenned my need,
An' I'll see my ain again.

"Wi' a risin' win', an' a tide comin' in,
There's a deith to die;
When the win' gaes back, an' the tide's at the slack,
There's a spirit free."

Love's Reward.

(A SPANISH BALLAD.)

The Southern sun had set,
And stars were shining in the azure blue
When Don Alfredo with his mandoline
Poured forth his love in song though old yet new,

"Angel divine with eyes of midnight darkness,
Oh, deign to listen to thy lover's song,
Whose only thought is with thee ever
From morn until there comes another morn.
Smile on my love, divinest, sweetest,
Say my reward for love is near,
I'd stand for thee the heat of arid desert,
Or yet the cold of Greenland without fear."

He paused, as if expectant waiting,
When lo! the portal open flew,
And for the love he thus had offered
The damsel's father kicked him black and blue

Noted People.

Amelie Rives-Chanler has adopted the new fashion of wearing digitated boots.

The Czar of Russia recently picked up 700 pounds of steel in a Petershoff gun factory. The workers cheered.

M. Carnot is held by some of his countrymen to have an eye not only fixed, glassy and lugubrious but maleficent—an evil eye.

The sisters of Charles Dickens make it a yearly custom to place a simple wreath of holly on his grave in Westminster Abbey.

Mr. Lawrence Peel, a brother of the statesman, Sir Robert Peel, died at his residence in Brighton a few weeks ago at the age of eighty-seven.

Both James Whitcomb Riley and Bill Nye part their hair in the middle. The only difference is that the parting is longer and more touchingly pathetic with William than with James.

The Duchess of Connaught, who is now with her husband in India, had a valuable Christmas present sent her. It was an umbrella with a solid silver and enameled handle set with a valuable gold watch, and the cost was $400—not a bad price for an umbrella.

Bismarck has unlimited confidence in his son, Count Herbert. "Herbert," he said, some time ago, with a twinkle in his eye, "Herbert is the only Bismarck who works properly; if I had worked as much during my life as he does, something might have been made of me."

The largest personal estates which were proved last year by the executors of deceased persons were those of Baron Stern (£3,541,000), Mr. Hugh McCalmont (£3,121,000), Sir Robert Loder (£2,500,000), the second Lord Wolverton (£1,820,000), and Sir John Hardy, with £1,033,000.

The Empress of Russia was more fond of her Danish home than any other of her sisters and brothers, and when she was about to leave it for Russia she wrote on the window-pane of one of her favorite rooms at Fredensborg, "Mit elskedo Fredensborg, farwell" (My beloved Fredensborg, farewell).

Lord Clandeboye, the eldest son of Lord Dufferin, who belongs to the 17th Lancers, has been very successful in his hunting expeditions during the last season, having shot no fewer than six tigers. The second son, Mr. Terence Blackwood, is about to enter the diplomatic service, and he will probably be appointed to his father's embassy at Rome.

Andrew Lang writes a peculiar, but not illegible, hand; Mathew Arnold's was lucidity itself; Swinburne's is curiously schoolboyish, but perfectly legible; Mr. Ruskin's is pretty and plain; Sir Edward Arnold's is also very plain; John Morley's is difficult at first, but easily got acquainted with; Labouchere's is pretty bad; T. P. O'Connor's is rather rough, but easy to read; Frederick Greenwood's is called agreeable; and the editor of the *Times*, it is said, writes a particularly good and legible hand.

Mr. Irving brooked no interference with his will in his preparation of Macbeth. Even Sir Arthur Sullivan was compelled to yield, and the gossips say the musical knight, who is not accustomed to bend his knee, was not a little perturbed that he had to alter or transpose his score to meet the requirements of the play. So also did Mr. Cattermole, that learned and distinguished authority who designed the costumes, bend like the tender sapling before the tempest.

Octogenarian as he is, Mr. Gladstone remains one of the youngest and most vigorous of European statesmen. Palmerston lived to a green old age, but he died when he was within two days of completing his eighty-first year, and he was quite a fossil in mind when compared with the marvellous receptivity of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Grey is older than Mr. Gladstone and mentally as keen, but he is a recluse who does not now even subject his strength to the strain of writing letters to the *Times*. Cardinal Manning is as alert, as youthful, and as full of enthusiasm as Mr. Gladstone—indeed, the Cardinal and Mr. Gladstone are two of the oldest and youngest men now living. Perhaps both may rival the octogenarian chief the blind old Dandolo, who became Doge when he was eighty-four, and after going a crusading and besieging Constantinople, died at last at the respectable age of ninety-seven.

A New York correspondent says: A day or two ago I was in Delmonico's when the youngest of the Astors entered and took his luncheon. His solemnity and sadness of mien was striking. He kept his eyes fixed religiously on the ground as he walked across the cafe, selected a distant and secluded table, turned his back upon the people and ate with an air of gentle and mournful self-abnegation. He is the heir of a hundred or two of millions, and is probably the most desirable part in New York. No one seemed to know him, and the waiter who attended to his wants was quite careless and indifferent. Had he known that it was the heir of the Astors that he was waiting upon he would probably have jumped five feet in the air with alacrity. Before this particular Astor had finished his luncheon his cousin, William Waldorf Astor, also drifted in and sat down near the door. His face had the same preternaturally grave and solemn look. I do not suppose that the ex-Minister of Italy is more than thirty-five or thirty-six years of age, and he has a magnificent physique, but the general effect after a hasty look at his face is that of a man who has had a stormy life and is nearing his forty-eighth or forty-ninth year. He, too, was exceedingly simple in the matter of fare. He drank a cup of tea with his luncheon, and when he had finished he took an old book from the pocket of his overcoat and sat reading it quietly for half an hour. Then he paid his bill, got up and drifted out. Neither of the two Astors knew of the other's presence. Probably the two men together will eventually represent $200,000,000. I followed Mr. Astor out of the place, and as we stopped at the corner to allow a car to pass, he stepped hastily past me and made a profound bow to a man across the street. The man nodded in return. It was a greeting between father and son, but it might have been the salutation of one Ambassador to another. The portly form of the elder Astor was clad in black. His face was as heavily seamed as that of a tragedian, and he walked with a slow and ponderous tread. There was a heavy band of crape on his hat. He passed mournfully along the street and strode slowly up towards his house at Fifth avenue and Thirty-third street. There are very few families in the world whose wealth is more substantial, solid and ample than that of the Astors, and yet I do not think that I have ever seen three men who looked more hopelessly and utterly unhappy than the trio of millionaires that day. It seemed to show with a good deal of force that wealth does not always carry happiness with it.

An Incident from Life.

For Saturday Night.

The story contained in the following verses is a true one. The little one's death was due to heart-disease, but the coincidence of his father's unwonted conduct and the child's swiftly-following decease is one that may well teach us the lesson of unwearied kindness to those dear ones whom God has still spared to us.

All snugly nestled in his cot
Wee Jamie lay,
Soft was the pillow, warm the sheet,
And weariness was made complete
In little hands and little feet
By over-play.

Yet Jamie met the drowsy god
With tireless fight,
For father still remained below,
The father Jamie worshipped so,
And "he must be awake you know
To say good-night!"

Now Jamie's father was of those
Whose children prove
By swift obedience, gladly given,
The wisdom of the law of Heaven,
The law of love.

But this had been a weary day
Of to-1 and loss
And he had reached his home at last,
The fruitless hours of labor past,
With heavy heart and brow o'ercast,
Both tired and cross.

"Good-night, papa!" the little voice
Rang down the stair,
Ah, sweet enough to drive away
The worry of the weariest day,
The heaviest loss to overpay,
To banish care!

Each night for years that greeting cry
His step had hailed,
And, let the day be what it might,
The answ'ring kiss and fond good-night
Had never failed.

Strange, then, that it should happen now—
God pardon me!
That I should speak of chance, who know
He rules the world He made, and know
There is, for every human woe,
The need to be.

Three times the little treble voice
Rang out afar
With all its joyousness of tone,
And then in joy to wonder grown,
And finally a plaintive moan:
"Good night, papa!"

How could a father's heart resist
The tearful plea?
Ah, who but knows how anger's spell
Can every softer impulse quell?
God help him, that he could not tell
The near to be!

. . . . . .

Gray morning dawned, but not too soon
For him, whose mood
Passed with the shadows of the night,
Now, by the little crib, despite
The early hour and feeble light,
Remorseful stood.

What is it on the childish face,
That curious hue?
Is it the pallor of the skies?
How still the little sleeper lies!
One nearer look with anxious eyes
And then—he knew.

One bitter cry rang through the room
And only one:
Faint echo of a nameless grief
That would, yet could not find relief,
One bitter cry, intense but brief:
"O God, my son!"

Ah, if he could have come again,
That little child,
There had been, then, no cruel slight,
No harsh denial of good-night;
O for one moment that they might
Be reconciled!

In vain the wish, baptized in tears,
The curly head
Lay still against the pillow-lace,
A tear-stain on the childish face
Now hallowed by the tender grace
That marks the dead.

The silken lashes fluttered not
Upon the cheek;
The loving eyes that hid below
Felt not the speechless gaze of woe—
Saw not she lips that quivered so—
They could not speak.

The little wounded heart that late
Had swelled with pain,
Lay pulseless now within the breast
Where two wee hands were laid to rest;
Ah, well! he could not be distrest
On earth again.

No more the eager eyes would light
When father came;
No more the loving heart would beat
In concert with the willing feet;
Nor yet the little lips repeat
His father's name.

Aye, tears were vain in such a case,
In vain regret;
The dead can never more return,
Though stricken hearts with anguish burn,
Inviting even whilst they spurn
The word, forget.

. . . . . .

O, ye to whom God still has spared
Your loved and best,
Bethink ye, that the word of scorn,
The pettish slight, so lightly born,
May, ere another morning's dawn,
Be past redress.

For those who die whilst on their hearts
Our love lies warm,
Time brings to us its sure relief.
Most human passions are so brief!
But for this saddest form of grief
Time has no balm.

For evermore, whilst life shall last,
The wound must bleed;
For evermore—ah, what avail
Each passioned penance to detail?
Since for the moral of my tale,
Who runs may read.

ESPERANCE.

Mrs. Potter as Cleopatra.

It will be interesting to many Toronto people, after the kindly reception accorded to Mrs. Potter by society in this city, to read the poetical and historical contemplations of the first dramatic critic in New York on her appearance in the *role* of the Egyptian Queen, in Shakespeare's sensuous drama, Antony and Cleopatra. The following appeared in the New York *Herald*:

When Gautier related that colorful tale of Egypt's wanton Queen in words that glowed and throbbed like the very flesh of woman he drew aside the drapery with utter completeness from the most beautifully bad figure of which history has ever spoken. He gave Cleopatra to the careless world in all her peerless nudity. It was a daring act on Gautier's part, but there could be no word said against it. He had deified voluptuousness and thrown a nimbus over gluttony. Diamonds, pearls and rubies fell from vicious lips and debauchery beamed like a garden through a radiant mist of perfumes.

That was the art of a great impressionist, and to assail it would be very ungraceful. A denunciation of anything so entirely exquisite would excite the contempt of liberal men. But let that blazing picture have been less glorious, and with every fading sweetness Gautier would lose a jewel from his crown. Remove the heavenly dash of the poet from those lines entirely, and with the thoughts and insinuations remaining, Gautier would become a beast.

How shall you account for that? Does the presence of absolute beauty purify what, without it, would be repulsive? Are Gautier's erotics divine because they are divinely sung, and is Cleopatra, because her sensuousness flamed from an utterly sweet body, amid lute songs and fountains and intoxicating odors, a creature to be loved like mad by Antony and all the world? I want to get at the true palliating merits of beauty, for I am about to define the new gleam of Mrs. Potter's legs through gauze.

This complete unclasping of delicate outlines in Mrs. Potter's characterization of Cleopatra is a dominant feature of her performance. The infantile curves from her waist upward are so full of an April daintiness that, even if the monotony of her elocution becomes a trial, the hovering changefulness of her soft self adequately atones. I have no doubt that in Cleopatra the actress' swift whirl of hair, her fainting warmth of eyes, her languorous wreathing of lips, her rampant agitation of shoulders and her outthrust elegance of neck are worthy of eulogy and extended study, but, by melting the usual conventional concealment from the lithely fashioned columns which support her, she leaves us no room for enthusiasm except in a contemplation of her mysterious underpinning.

"If she only had your figure, Laura," said a man in the audience to the woman beside him, "those gowns would give her the chance of her life."

They are such as an Egyptian queen would be apt to have, for, if you will consider a moment, those queens lived largely upon dissolved pearls and kisses, a diet not noted for its nourishing qualities. And, in any case, such limbs as these are the only ones that can be ornamented by gauze. The robust and elaborate women like Fanny Davenport or Mrs. Langtry might display themselves in unobscured fleshings and create a bewildering pleasure among the onlookers, but the moment they floated into a diaphanous cloud of Egyptian linen they would begin to loom. A small man will look like a giant sometimes as he comes toward you through a fog, and a pair of thick limbs, no matter what their spherical excellence may be, will shine out of a mist with a largeness that will start the perspiration on you.

If I remember rightly one atmospheric change of Mrs. Potter was in the color of spun silver, as though innumerable cobwebs had been woven with starlight and the result blown about her by a smart breeze. Now, a larger woman than she couldn't have stayed inside such a smoky raiment as that, but would break through. She, however, just nestled, as only such slimness as hers would permit, and the gentle halo of light that she wore appeared to follow her from very affection of her flexible form. All such poetic suggestion as this made the swift gleam of her limbs seem eloquent of purity. They asserted their right to be seen so quietly and in such a far away manner that they affected our most subtle sensibilities. You could just see the sort of delicate cake there was under the frosting. It was angel cake, without dispute. English plum could not be brought on in that airy style. I thought of thistledown settling on a tight curled rose, a dash of spray showering the sea mew's wing, a flurry of snow surprising the butterfly, and of many other things. To realize that it was only a manufactured gown encircling a pair of slender legs was depressing. And it was the possibility of being caused to forget this during a greater part of the time which made that feature of Mrs. Potter's performance so memorable. If there had been a complete assertion of limbs in those scenes even those who enjoyed the view would have cried out at the vulgarity of it. If there had been a superabundance of the hazy shadow even then there would have been no acceptance of the display. But just as we forget Gautier's fearful meanings in the exquisite music of his diction so we found no carnal note in the fine but indefinite harmony of Mrs. Potter's softly shining lower extremities. They attained, through grace and delicacy of bulk, that point of dangerous emphasis which only masterly works can render delightful.

It would be unkind to give credit for this poetical effect to the Paris dressmaker who made Mrs. Potter's gowns. Of course we are aware of the enhancing influence of translucent draperies over all humanity and know that they can, by skilful manipulation, be made to cover a multitude of blemishes. But there must be life beneath them, and in so much as that life is exquisite to that extent and no further will the draperies contract a vital beauty. The robe shapes itself to what it falls against, and those flimsy veils that Cleopatra wears fashion their flutterings not to the puffs of the manufacturer, but to the very mild curves of Mrs. Potter.

Looking back through the recent years of dramatic progress among us, we must stand in surprise before these actresses who have made such sacrifices of modesty for the sake of their art. To be historically correct in costumes they are almost willing to beam forth in a kerchief of moonlight and sandals. Mary Anderson a few weeks ago swept before us like Venus dripping from the sea, and now this last player of queenly roles drops down like a Psyche with a veil of mystery falling from her shoulder points.

They are both to be commended, however, for their successful upholding of bodily poetry. But the more expansive women of the profession should hesitate before endeavoring to follow in their pretty footsteps.

'Varsity Chat.

The efforts of the Council to secure the name of somebody, of which I spoke last week, resulted in a summons to two men to attend a special meeting of the said Council. After explanations had been offered, and considerable discussion indulged in, it was decided to dismiss the gentlemen—from the meeting.

There appears, however, a notice on the bulletin board to the effect that any student convicted of interfering with the personal liberty of another, or of summoning him to appear before a students' tribunal, etc., will forfeit his right to examination and be liable to expulsion from the University.

This is the least the Council could do, compatible with its own dignity, after having taken action at all, and it is quite sufficient to finally abolish the old style hazing. It would have been a great pity if one or two had been made to suffer for doing that which for some years the Council itself has not taken care to discountenance with any particular energy.

If expulsion or suspension had been resorted to, the members of the Non-Hazing Union, without abandoning any principle, would have felt that in a certain sense they had been responsible for the misfortune of their brother students. Ill feeling must have been aroused, to prevent which is more important as we think, than to save the Council's dignity from a slight fracture.

Some childish unknown has decorated the registrar's notice with that street syllable, Rats! Comment is unnecessary.

The hazing question has been a serious one—a question in fact with a right and a wrong to it; and the majority on both sides, it is perhaps not too much to say, have held their opinions with all their might.

In view of this it is pleasing to note the unanimity and good-will displayed in the class organization movement. That men can differ widely on one point and agree on others, is evidence of a most admirable temper amongst them. It is clear, too, that the movement is genuinely popular and not the outcome of a merely temporary and false enthusiasm. Congratulations to Mr. J. D. Spence, '89, who is at the bottom of it.

NEMO.

The Way Women Propose.

Replying to the question "Should women propose marriage?" Dr. Talmage answered: "Why, you are centuries too late in asking that question. Women always have proposed and always will propose. Words are very weak things compared to woman's affability and loveliness. The most splendid thing on earth is a good woman, and when, with all her attractiveness, she makes up her mind that it would be well to be the wife of some good man, and that it would be equally well for him, she captures him as easily as a regiment captures one corporal. It does not make any difference whether her tongue proposes or not, her eyes propose, her smile proposes. Until a man gets from a woman a proposition of that style he had better not make a proposition of his own unless he wants to be made to feel ridiculous all his lifetime."

Easily Won.

Nothing is more embarrassing to its possessor than a reputation which he has not deserved. A laurel wreath awarded by chance becomes absurdly heavy, and the unfortunate wearer, though he may long to toss it into the nearest thicket, is usually unable to tug it from his brows. When the late Prof. Moses Stuart Phelps was a student at New Haven, he one morning took a walk with Prof. Newton, who lived in the world of mathematics.

Prof. Newton, according to his usual habit, began the discussion of an abstruse problem. As he went deeper and deeper, Mr. Phelps' mind wandered farther and farther from what was being said. At last his attention was recalled by his companion's remark, "Which, you see, gives us 'x.'"

"Does it?" asked Mr. Phelps, thinking that, in common politeness, he ought to say something.

"Why, doesn't it?" excitedly exclaimed the professor, alarmed at the possibility that a flaw had been detected in his calculations. Quickly his mind ran back over his work. There had indeed been a mistake.

"You are right, Mr. Phelps; you are right!" he shouted. "It doesn't give us 'x;' it gives us 'v.'"

From that hour he looked upon Mr. Phelps as a mathematical prodigy. He was the first man who had ever caught the professor napping.

"And so," Mr. Phelps used often to add, in telling the story, "I achieved a reputation for knowing a thing I hate. It's the way many reputations are made in this superficial world."

A Substitute.

"Say, sis," he said to a 10-year-old girl who answered his ring at the door, "is your mother in?"

"No, sir."

"That's too bad."

"Want to see her on particular business?"

"Yes."

"Can't you wait?"

"I suppose I'll have to."

"If it's very particular, and if you can't wait, you can tell it to me. I ain't mother but I'm engaged to be married, you know."

Comparatively Easy.

It was seven long years since Jonas Harris had begun to "keep company" with Miss Hannah Bell, and yet, in all that time, he had not mustered courage to propose a certain important question. His house was lonely and waiting; hers was lonely enough to be vacated and still Jonas could not bring himself to speak the decisive words. Many a time he had walked up to her door with the courage of a lion, only to find himself a very mouse when she appeared.

He had never failed in dropping in to cheer her loneliness on Christmas evening, and this year he presented himself as usual. The hearth was swept, the fire burned brightly, and Miss Hannah was adorned with smiles and a red bow.

Conversation went serenely on for an hour or so, and then, when they both sat paring red-cheeked apples, with great contentment, Jonas began to call upon his recollections.

"It's a good many years, ain't it, Hannah, since you and I first sot here together?"

"Yes, a good many."

"I wonder if I shall be settin' here this time another year?"

"Maybe I sha'n't be at home. Perhaps I shall go out to spend the evening myself," said Miss Hannah, briskly.

This was a blow, indeed, and Jonas felt it.

"Where?" he gasped.

"Oh, I don't know," she returned, beginning to quarter her apple. "I might be out to tea—over to your house, instance."

"But there wouldn't be anybody over there to get supper for you."

"Maybe I could get it myself."

"So you could! so you could!" cried Jonas, his eyes beginning to sparkle. "But there wouldn't be anybody to cook the pies and cakes beforehand."

"Maybe I could cook 'em."

At that moment Jonas' plate fell between his knees to the hearth and broke in two, but neither of them noticed it.

"Hannah," cried he, with the pent-up emphasis of seven long years, "could you bring yourself to think of gettin' married?"

A slow smile curved her lips; surely she had been given abundant time for consideration.

"Maybe I could," she returned, demurely, and Jonas has admired himself to this day for leading up to the subject so cleverly.

Neither Could Forget Those Who Were Dead

This quaint, true story from Duxbury shows a tender remembrance of spouse No. 1 under new matrimonial conditions:

Sallie and Hiram were married after a brief courtship. He was seventy-five and she seventy-six years old. As he sort of apologetically said at the store, he was "tired of diggin' clams and shuckin' on 'em out, an' makin' a chowder and then settin' down alone to eat." So he sold his house and moved over to Sallie's.

The first thing to be put in place was an old sun-bonnet, which he hung in the entry way, saying to Sallie:

"I couldn't be content no way if I didn't see Betsy Ann's bunnit hangin' up there, Sallie."

"Well," says she, "I shall go straight up garret for Josiah's old hat, which I was decent enough to put away when I knew you were coming here."

And she did so, and Josiah's old hat and Betsy Ann's "bunnit" hang side by side at the present day, as tender a tribute, perhaps, as flowers placed on the earth above a resting place.

A Better Way.

The proprietor of a cheap eating saloon was chatting with one of his neighbors about his business.

"At what hour do you dine, then?" asked the latter.

"About three o'clock, after everybody has got through."

"You don't mean to say you eat what's left?"

"I should say not! you must take me for one of the customers. No, I have my dinner sent in from a high-toned restaurant on the next block."

Diplomacy.

Miss Lovelorn—You must come again.

De Garry (aside)—Not if I know myself—(trying to smile)—Certainly.

Miss Lovelorn—So you promise to call again to morrow evening!

De Garry—Yes—(aside)—on the telephone.

By Order.

Lady Principal (at the art gallery, to her youthful charge)—Attention, girls! When we come to the next picture but one, you will have to blush!

Ominous.

Muskrat Bill (soliloquizing)—Well, durn me, if here ain't a nitchie doin' the dood act an washin' himself. It's either a noo style o' torture, or it means a warm, open winter. He ain't a robbin' himself o' five years' coat o' grease and prairie silc fur nutbin'.

SECOND OF OUR "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES.

GUELDA.

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CHAPTER XI.

As Sir Julian Inglis said of him, the false Lord Loudon—as his opponents believed him to be—had entrenched himself behind the axiom "Possession is nine points of the law."

Already there were rumors in society journals of the coming grand sensational case, when a certain lord lately returned from the Colonies, whose identity was to be disputed—of romantic disclosures concerning a noble family belonging to the green forest-district near the windings of the Wye. Already the matter was being eagerly discussed in confidential whispers. No one wished to commit himself or herself to an opinion, but the man was reputed to be a perfect hermit—to be almost as fearful of contact with his kind as the mad nobleman who believed his head was made of glass. And, if the story were true, why, Miss Seaton would soon be a great heiress again, and handsome Ronald Airlie was still as lucky as, in spite of his poverty, he had always been considered in love and war. Was he not the hero of the day? Tales of his bravery were repeated in every London drawing-room.

For the engagement of Airlie and Guelda Seaton was now announced. Blushing maids, yet, not being published under the head of fashionable intelligence. Poor girl, she shrank from publicity after her painful experience of society journals! Besides, she was still in deep mourning.

But the wind of popular opinion was now pleased to blow favorably for the Sea-Kings. Once more society's weather-cocks—its fashionable ladies' heads—nodded at "Fair" towards her.

"Why, she is actually staying with Lady Grizel Airlie again, going out with her every day! They are most devoted friends! There could never have been any truth from the beginning in those wretched lies of the papers—I did not believe them myself," said all these "fine-lady" judges of the world's papers.

Meanwhile the days were passing most happily, if with a certain tension, for the lovers. They asked nothing better than to be together. Yet there was a sense of expectation—of preparation for a coming, possibly desperate, struggle which might reduce them both to penury, perhaps absolute want.

"That is only one of the chances of life. We may win instead, and be richer than we ever imagine d. But, whatever happens, we will be married first; then I shall have a right to fight your battles or share your possible defeat," said Ronald, with a cheerful smile at the thought of facing the worst in her company as he looked fondly at his promised bride.

And Guelda answered:

"For your sake, and for your right, I hope to win Sheen has never brought happiness or good luck to our family since my grandfather got it. Do not think me very superstitious; but, since little Bertrand died, it has seemed to me that no Seaton is fated to enjoy what was unfairly won. Think of my grandfather's unhappy life, of my father's early death, and, as we believe, of my uncle's ruin and miserable end!"

Airlie was silent. The loss of Sheen Abbey had always rankled in his mind since he was a boy. He did indeed believe himself to be rightfully the owner of its fair woods and green meadows. Every legend of the gray old Abbey had been dearer to him in childhood than any fairy-tale or the most enthralling book of wild adventures. Oh to win back his lost heritage! That had been his cherished dream of boyhood. With older years it had not faded, but was put away in his mind with a sigh and smile.

"And now—who knows!—mine may come true," he inwardly reflected, marvelling. But he wished to draw Guelda's mind from those thoughts—that dwelling on the apparent punishment that had descended on her grandfather and his children. And in this he could always succeed. Did he not love her—did she not love him—both feeling as if no two had ever so loved on earth before? That was enough.

Meanwhile Ronald was most eager, seeing the London case placed in the hands of the very best lawyers he could secure. Sir Julian was helping him actively, and also made a little business to watch the enemy's movements. He soon reported that Loudon—or Bauer—was showing extraordinary anxiety.

"By George, the fellow seems in a tremendous fright! He is not letting the grass grow under his feet; but, if we don't keep a sharp look-out, he will catch us napping!" exclaimed the old *charge d' affaires*, with a sort of admiration for the cunning of the foe. "And he thinks of all his weapons have been tried to get at some of the papers to insert little paragraphs about his ill-health and nervous attacks which kept him from going into society; only lastly I had advised Lillie beforehand to guard to that. There is no doubt now, my dear Miss Seaton, that he was the author of those—ahem!—base insinuations which rather annoyed you at the time, eh!"

"I always thought as much," calmly replied Guelda, smiling. The remembrance of those calumnious innuendoes could not hurt her now; was she not secure in Ronald's love? "He is a clever adversary. There is one move on his part I have been feeling—tried to get checkmated him only this very day, as you will all be glad to hear. It is the only thing I have really done myself, but it is succeeding."

She took off her hat as she spoke, having been out for a drive through the suburbs with Lady Grizel on a delicious April evening, when lilacs and laburnum, all in a pale-green outbursting of the spring's first freshness, gave promise of the flowers of May, and made modest little villas behind their high garden-hedges seem charming leafy nests in such weather.

"And what have you done?" asked Sir Julian and Airlie, who had come in together. Both men looked with admiration at the slight girlish figure outlined against a western window; the evening sun lit up her beautiful hair till it seemed as an aureole round the fair, exquisitely lovable face.

"She has done a good angel's deed," said Lady Grizel abruptly; "she has saved our chief witness, the unfortunate Julie, from that man's clutches. He had almost persuaded her this very day to go back to him."

"Almost; but her better self prevailed—not my words," went on Guelda, explaining, after questions and exclamations of astonishment came from Ronald and Inglis. "He induced her to see him again—offered her a heavy bribe to go away from the convalescent-hospital this very evening to some place where she would hide her. Luckily she distrusted him, and asked an hour to consider it. He had his plans all laid to carry her off. Just at that crisis we happened to pay her a visit; and somehow, from her manner, I guessed something was amiss, I saved her with it, and, when Grizel left us for a few minutes, got the whole confession."

"Julie was a wise woman," interrupted Grizel. "She rated a man's professions of affection for what they are worth, and preferred her attachment to her mistress. For she really had been evidently fond of you all, through Guelda; one could see it in her face, sulky and disagreeable though she often is."

Airlie stroked his silky moustache with a laugh, murmuring—

"What a cynic you have grown, my lady! It was not ever thus. Poor Wyndham—unhappy Scrope! Are all men's professions of attachment to be counted as worthless and hollow in your eyes?"

A slight blush rose to his cousin's cheek, for the men he named had truly been among her most devoted admirers in the past year, when she had lightly turned from them all. And that had been secretly for his sake—thank Heaven he so little guessed it! Well, now she was cured. Before her blush died down again old Sir Julian was heard speaking gravely and with a puzzled look:

"Yet it is strange that Julie gave up the chance of returning to this man after having loved him so long. Forgive me, my dear Lady Grizel; but, when you are a little older, which is necessary for experience, you will learn that human nature is not to be withstood, and in nine cases out of ten, when a woman has loved a man, he has only to ask forgiveness and she will overlook an hundred offences."

"Yes, put in Guelda quietly, unconsciously speaking with the tone of one who knew; "I have often seen it so among the miners and rough foresters we have lived among—our cottage and were so poor. The women forgave blows and kicks till seventy times seven; only when some brute woman's mate one go in fear of her life would the poor soul distrust all his advances with trembling. I think—I am almost certain—that poor Julie dares not trust him."

"Very likely; self preservation is the first law of nature," observed the men.

"And there is one other powerful consideration," went on their gentle philosopher, "and that is wounded vanity. Julie is extremely vain; and she told me Bauer—as she calls him—was considered very handsome. When he saw her, as if the sight was repugnant to him. You know she is terribly disfigured. She had been broodling over that, and could not forgive it. When I spoke of retirement and a calm, comfortable life in some cottage of her own in France, she grasped eagerly at the idea. Certainly one protected from pity, poor soul, to the best of her power at Sheen."

"And where is she now?" inquired Airlie and Sir Julian.

"Safe in my late retreat," said Lady Grizel, with a sort of grim humor. "We took her there straight, just to stay for a little while. It is very tranquil there, and will do no end of good. I hope she will derive as much advantage from it as I did."

At this rather ambiguous sentence Ronald hid a good-humored, quizzical smile behind his hand, and Sir Julian coughed drily. Neither of them knew that in all good faith poor Grizel had needed the peace she found there—was the better for it. It was best they should not guess that.

But Guelda had divined something by a woman's instinct of fellow-feeling, and, taking up an evening newspaper in order to change the conversation, suddenly exclaimed, with genuine surprise:

"Listen to this! 'Mr. and Lady Ermyntrude Gamble have arrived in town, and are staying at Loudon House on a visit.' Mr Bauer has indeed played his trump card! As Lady Ermyntrude believes in him, perhaps her example may induce other people to do so, too."

"It is all malice on her part," exclaimed Lady Grizel, angrily—"wheels within wheels! She has never forgiven you, Guelda, since Islay became such a friend of yours."

"If only Islay were back with those certificates!" said Airlie laconically, but with inward trouble. Bauer was likely to prove a formidable adversary, and this fresh move of his complicated the difficulties, Ronald foresaw; for Lady Ermyntrude had a good deal of influence in society, and, if backed by society, Bauer would have more hardihood to continue the baseless and most expensive suit. Even should Guelda win at first, which seemed doubtful, there might be appeal after appeal, difficulties upon difficulties.

Remembering his almost empty purse and that his promised wife was absolutely penniless, little wonder that poor Ronald indeed wished with all his heart for Islay's return bringing some certainty with him!

But where was Islay? No news, no letters had come from him since the mere tidings that he had landed safely in Australia—never a word. Even assuming that he had at once started on his journey, and then discovered all he needed, time was lost, and he must have missed several mails. Three steamers had come in without tidings. After making all reasonable allowances for his absence, his friends were growing secretly uneasy. What could be the matter?

CHAPTER XLI.

A few days after Julie's attempted abduction and Lady Ermyntrude Gamble's arrival in town, the guests in Islay House were gathered in Lady Grizel's cheerful boudoir where she received only her special friends.

The five-o'clock tea-table was as tempting as usual with its snowy linen and shining urn, the dainties of tea-cakes and forced strawberries glowing in a rare basket of old Dresden. Yet there was a weight on the spirits of the little party of four assembled there.

More than ever, on this sunshiny evening of passing April, they felt that some one was wanting. Where was the master of the house! At moments it seemed painfully to Ronald—to Guelda—that they two had hardly a right to sit there, happy together, and so full of the wild ocean—who knew where!—on their errand, journeying to make them happy. No such compunctions were of course felt by Lady Grizel.

"Islay only did his duty as a man—as a friend," she declared, with a lofty wave of the hand, when Guelda ventured to mention, that she were troubling her heart, which was very tender over the absent friend. "Yet I do wish he would come back," continued Islay's sister. "This storm frets one to read of. A man can but die once, and let him do it bravely; but, if he's alive, he ought to say so, and not give other people sorrow and worry for nothing."

Thus only did she let escape some hint of the anxieties that were in her own mind. Some other vessels had come in reported, but more than three weeks before in the track of the returning Australian mail-steamer by which Islay was expected; and, what was worse, the latter ship was not reported from the stations it should have reached. It was several days overdue.

A slight stir, a faint hum of voices from the entrance-hall, sounding up the great stairs, penetrated, though subdued to a murmur, into the hush of the drawing-room, where generally every sound was deadened by thick piled carpets and silken door-hangings gorgeously embroidered.

"What can that be?" said Lady Grizel, with irritation. "Now that Islay is away, the servants are really too——"

The door opened, and the old house-steward came in with a strangely hesitating manner. He had been all his life in the service of the Seaton family; he had been born one of their household and clan and felt himself and was considered as a member, however humble, of the family itself. But never before had his voice so faltered in the presence of an Airlie, nor his manner shown such deep respect.

"My lady, I have come to say that his Grace—that the Duke has arrived, and wishes to see you."

"The Duke! What—Islay!" Lady Grizel almost screamed, springing to her feet, half believing. Yet, no—Islay would have hastened up-stairs.

"Not Islay himself—he is come back!" said the old servant slowly.

"Why do you not speak faster? Where is he? Why did no one tell us? Why does he not come up to me?" exclaimed Grizel, with flashing eyes, feeling inclined to seize and shake the old steward, but preparing instead to dart breathless from the room.

Another form blocked the doorway, and, putting a strong arm across, would not let her pass. Recoiling in anger, she recognized Islay's foster-brother and valet, his most faithful personal attendant, who never quitted his master, and had been taken by him to Australia.

"Fergus, stand aside! What do you mean by presuming to stop me? You are keeping me from the Duke—do you hear?" she cried in anger, yet with a sort of fear, as she looked at the grave, stern Scotch face looking down upon her, the stolid arm still rigorously barring her exit.

"He sent me," came in slow, surely pitying accents. "He's just tired, and is resting a bit below-stairs, my poor lady. He have had a terrible bad passage, though I'm sure he prayed you kept our lives! But there were a good many on board who came sorely off in a shipwreck; and Islay, he was hurt too. He bid me tell you it is something in the nature of a sprain."

Lady Grizel flew breathless down the great staircase, followed by the others, who paused exchanging looks and murmurs of questioning anxiety. On a sofa, with his back to the light, her brother was lying, surrounded by with cushions and wearing a rough sailor dress and peaked cap.

"Islay, Islay—so you are really here! Are you much hurt? Is it a bad sprain? What is the matter?" cried his sister, all in a breath, as she impulsively embraced him.

The brute-nature which at times threw her arms about his neck. Grizel drew back to look at him, with a momentary pang, as if doubting her brother being returned full; but the cherry voice of old dispelled that thought.

"Yes; I am really here. It does one good to see you again, Grizel, looking so bright—just like old times. And you, Ronald and Guelda, together—I am glad to see you so. Hurrah. I've got your papers all right! The real Robert Seaton is dead. What—is Julian too? My dear friends, this is a true welcome back! Forgive my not rising to greet you."

Islay held out his hand to each in turn as he spoke; and at last would not hide a voice dropped slightly from its usual hearty tones.

Lady Grizel, who was nearest to him, looked anxiously into his face, which was very pale seen even in the twilight of the stained glass windows and Cairene-pierced shutters of the Oriental-furnished room.

"You are not feeling well, Islay?" she asked, gently. "Is the sprain very severe? What is it?"

"Not more than can be borne, as you see, dear Grizel," returned Islay, looking her in the face with a quiet smile, though there was a pathetic weariness in his eyes. "But for Fergus it would have been far worse. We were shipwrecked, and two of the masts went crash in a storm. I was caught by a falling beam and some of the rigging, and should have gone down with the ship itself a little while later if he had not risked his life to drag me out as I lay insensible. Then for several days we drifted in boats, till we were rescued by a passing vessel. Now you know about our perils of the deep."

"And how long do you think it will be before you are better? Have you seen a doctor?" persisted Grizel, in a subdued voice. She knew her brother's face and ways so well, and dreaded there was much amiss.

"If it be long, shall you much mind nursing me?"

How quiet was his manner—how unlike the hearty, almost boyish growls of impatience with which he had always hitherto endured any passing ailment in his healthy young life! Grizel felt a little cold at heart all of a sudden. What illness was coming? But she replied, with a tender voice which she tried to make as cherry as his own.

"Mind! Why, I would not mind nursing you your whole life, my dear, my dear old brother, if it came to that!"

"I thought so; that one thought has been my hope and comfort through the past three weeks. I may put your promise to the test, my poor Grizel—but not for always, I trust—not to tie your life to a log—too—long."

The last words came with a little gasps; then Islay's eyes closed, and his head slipped a little aside. He had become unconscious.

"I have worked my brain too much for him altogether!" sternly declared Fergus. "Hush now, please—hush now! Leave him to me. We shall do well through, my lady, if you'll go an open boat for two days and nights with his head on my knees like a baby, and this is no' so bad. He'll come round soon." And the big man, desiring to possess his soul in patience, forcibly, and began trying restoratives with a calm, methodical manner, contrasting strangely with the faithful anxiety expressed in his troubled eyes and on his rugged, wrinkled brow.

"A doctor—send for a doctor! Ronald, which is the best?" cried Lady Grizel, beseechingly.

Almost before she spoke, Ronald had passed past a group of gaping whispering lackeys gathered outside in the hall, and was gone himself on her bidding. Guelda and Sir Julian were trying to give what sympathy and help was possible to both the sister and the insensible man.

"Canny, canny, my lady! Don't fash yourself too greatly, or when he comes to himself it will grieve him," implored big Fergus, in a whisper. "Ay, send for a doctor—it will ease your mind, maybe; but none can say other than what the surgeon said on board the big steamer that saved us."

"What did he say? Fergus, tell me quick!" "That the spine is hurt, my lady—he'll never walk more nor stand more nor sit up; but let us thank the Lord he does live!" replied Fergus, with tears running down his rough cheeks.

CHAPTER XLII—AND LAST.

It seemed absolutely incredible that Islay, who was always so strong and active, glorying in his athletic sport, loving better than all else the hardest day's deer-stalking on the steep mountain-side, never weary of carrying a gun from morning to night over the heather-covered moors that were his for miles and miles, delighting in taking the helm of his own yacht during the stiffest breeze blowing—that he should be lying stricken there, helpless, before their eyes, and yet that his voice should sound as happy as before—or so it seemed to the anxious listeners to display the Australian certificates I had such trouble to keep. They were inside my shirt during the time of the shipwreck. I thought most likely my coat would have to come off if we had to swim a bit before getting a floating spar or barrel as a last resource, and I was resolved to give them over chance."

Guelda and Sir Julian came quickly. They were burning with pity and eagerness to know all the details of poor Islay's journey.

The voyage home was a brief one. Islay's voyage out had been uneventful, marked only by a quick passage and fine weather. On landing in Australia, he had at once hastened on country to the town near which Robert Seaton was believed to have spent his last years and died.

"My efforts were signally successful," announced the duke, with a smile of satisfaction; "here are all the papers. Hallo, what is it, Fergus?"—as the faithful man-nurse, who hardly ever quitted his self-chosen post outside the door of Islay's room, so that no one else should deprive him of the chance of attending to his master's least wants, entered with a cautiously gentle tread.

"Lady Ermyntrude Gamble, your grace. She has asked to see her ladyship or Miss Seaton on important business."

"Put the ploughman. Depend upon it, she has come to offer a compromise!" exclaimed Airlie and Sir Julian.

"If so, have her in here, my dear Guelda. My dear Grizel, I beseech you to let me have some share in the fun!" cried Islay, with the glee of a schoolboy. Though so helpless in his sofa-corner, he was in such high spirits at his triumph that was not altogether assumed for their sakes. He had, in fact, sworn inwardly to make them all think him cheerful, and he was rapidly learning the habit.

"We will go together and find out." said Lady Grizel, drawing Guelda's arm within her own; and so the two women went out of the room.

In a very few minutes both came back accompanied by a lady, who, with a curtsey towards the Duke in one of her freshest Parisian toilettes, and with all her airs of a faded, affected beauty,

"My dear friend, I had no idea you were come back!" she exclaimed, throwing up her eyes with a killing glance as she gracefully sank upon a low chair by the suffering man's side and pressed his hand affectionately. "And Grizel tells me you are an invalid just at another's disposal—a most rare big game, you roving, naughty man! I hope it is nothing really serious."

"Nothing that I need trouble Lady Ermyntrude Gamble by discussing. Probably I shall take your advice and not rove so much in future," said Islay drily, with a curious mixture of contempt and pity as he looked at the painted eyebrows and powdered cheeks of the woman he once admired in his boyish days. "You see some one interested in me, I believe! May we hear it also if it concerns Miss Seaton, who, as you are perhaps aware, is engaged to my cousin Airlie here, while both she and he are most anxious that we should meet throughout this Loudon case? You are come about it, I presume?"

"Exactly so. Lord Loudon is a friend of ours; my husband and I have a thorough belief in his cause," announced Lady Ermyntrude, with a lofty air and a momentary glance of cool disdain at Guelda and Ronald Airlie, who were standing side by side. She evidently looked upon them both as mere adventurers seeking to enrich themselves unprincipledly, but was deterred by politeness from giving words to her thoughts. "I consider Lord Loudon a most injured, most kindly-meaning man, in spite of some little weaknesses, and one who is unworthily attacked," she went on. "For his sake, I am pleased to be an ambassador of peace, if so can prevent a family lawsuit. He desires me to say that, believing this threatened action originates in his niece's disappointment on finding that her grandfather failed to leave her an expected fortune, he can enter into her feelings. Naturally, Captain Seaton—Colonel Airlie—men rise so rapidly in these war-times he may forgive me for forgetting his new distinction—naturally he shares his future bride's regrets on her behalf. Loudon and you, dear Duke and Lady Grizel, with your well-known kindness of heart, wish well to your cousin and his future wife, and do not desire your relatives to be penniless. Therefore, Lord Loudon empowers me to make a most generous offer on his part, if this action should be dropped now and forever."

"And what is that?" asked Guelda, ignoring the cool impertinence of Lady Ermyntrude's manner towards herself and Ronald as the principal person in the matter, as was right.

Lady Ermyntrude looked at her condescendingly.

"He offers to make you a present of your expected fortune—thirty thousand pounds."

There was a moment's silence, which seemed to surprise her ladyship. "Do not your eyes smiles on the faces around, she went on with some heat—

"You should better think well of it. Lord Loudon is rich and can afford to fight for a long time; you both—excuse me—are not burdened with much money, I believe. Think of the expense—the utter uncertainty!"

"No—the utter certainty of success, and that without more than the merest form of trial," interrupted Islay. "Set down your card, lady," his hand on a packet of papers. "It may surprise you, Lady Ermyntrude, to learn that I have been delayed in Australia by illness, but that I have just returned from Australia, after procuring incontestable proofs of the real Robert Seaton's death."

"And you have found——" Lady Ermyntrude's face had fallen.

"I have found that he is unquestionably dead. I saw and conversed with one who knew him and his future expectations of a title and property. They saw him die, laid him in the coffin and consigned the coffin to the sea buried. Robert Seaton had many vices, they said, yet the knack of acquiring some true friends. I have brought back attested certificates from these men, and all other necessary papers. Finally, I possess his diary, kept by a poor fellow who shared his hut, in which Robert Seaton speaks of his own approaching death. Your friend will have to restore more than thirty thousand pounds, I fear. Do you want more proof?"

"No," uttered Lady Ermyntrude, at white heat, rising; "he will have indeed to restore my confidence in him. Viper—villain! Miss Seaton, I could have pitied you for your mercy—"I have been grossly deceived, and can only hope you will forgive me; I make you my most sincere—and humiliated—apology. I say no more;" and she swept from the room with a bow that included the others in farewell.

. . . . . .

On the following day news came which put any further difficulties in the London case at rest. Bauer had disappeared! After a stormy interview in which Lady Ermyntrude shook the dust of the house that he inhabited from her feet and walked out in righteous indignation, sending a message to her spouse at his club not to return to their late host, no one ever saw the pretended Lord Loudon to their knowledge. Like a thief, he must have stolen from the house he so lately called his, avoiding those seen by the servants, lest they might have been very hasty; for he evidently had only time to put a few clothes into a small hand-bag that was missing, and about two hundred pounds in cash and notes, as was afterwards found.

"Let him take it," said Guelda gently, almost pityingly, when told of this. "Poor man, it will only pay his passage to one of the colonies and help him to start in a new life! We never heard he was anything worse than a mere adventurer

WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON.

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

TOM LAWSON'S STORY CONTINUED.

"I was mighty glad to find myself safe on land once more," the sailor resumed; "but as soon as I found I was out of all danger, with the captain's child on my hands, my old grudge began to get the better of me again.

"I supposed that the other boat was all right, and I reasoned that, being so near land, all who were in it were saved.

"Of course the cap'n and his wife would be nearly wild over the loss of their boy, and now was my chance to take my revenge on him for the ill turn that he had done me; so I made up my mind that they should never know that he had been saved.

"I made my way to London, where I hired a lodgin' for a few days in a house where the landlady said she'd look after the boy until I could find some one to take care of him.

"But I soon found I'd got more on my hands than I'd bargained for, and I finally made up and let fate take care of him as it would; then first I tattooed his arm, just the same as I'd done my own years before, for I thought that some time my mind I'd put him into some charity place later on I might run across him, and then I should know him no matter how he changed."

The sailor here paused to roll up his sleeves, and revealed to Percy's wondering gaze a *fac simile* of the hieroglyphics which he had seen on Charlie Harwood's arm only a little while before.

"They are exactly the same," he said

"To be sure," returned the man, with a wise look; "it's my own design," he added, "and so I knew the chap in yonder the moment I set eyes on his marked arm. I thought even before that, that he looked wonderfully like Captain Morton, only more gentleman-like. But to go on. I took the child to a charity house—sylum, they called it—told the woman who had charge of it that my vessel had been wrecked and I'd only managed to save myself and the boy; that I didn't know what else to do with him but to leave him there to be taken care of. She wanted to know if I meant to adopt for him, and I told her no, I couldn't afford to do that; then she said she couldn't take him unless I'd give up all claim to him. Well, I was willin' enough to do that, for I was gettin' mighty tired of him; so I left him, and then went and shipped again for a year's cruise. But I didn't feel easy; I didn't take half the comfort venting my spite on the cap'n that I imagined I should, and repented of what I'd done before my voyage was half over. Of course I couldn't help anything then, only I made up my mind that, as soon as I got home again, I'd take the child to his friends if I could find them.

"Well, that was the longest voyage I ever knew, but it was over at last, and I made direct for that sylum the moment I set foot on land. But I felt as if every timber in my carcass had been shivered when the woman told me that the boy had been adopted by some people who hadn't any children of their own. She wouldn't tell me who took him; she had to promise that she wouldn't, she said, but she told me that he'd be sure of a good home and kind friends. So I had to go away again with out rightin' the wrong I'd done, and I tell ye my conscience were heavy.

"Twan't more'n a week afterward that I ran against the boatswain of the Fortuna, and he told me that the other boat, in which the captain and his wife were, was upset, and every one went down but himself and the cook. They came up close beside the Fortuna, and were lucky enough to find the overturned boat near by. They managed to get her right side up, then one of them climbed on board the Fortuna and got another pair of oars and some provisions and dry clothing, and then put off again. He said, too, that they hadn't been out long when they picked up the captain's baby!

"Ye can well imagine that I was staggered at this, for I knew well enough that I'd saved that child, and if another had been picked up, it must have belonged to that vessel that we'd run into. They had narrowly escaped, and that were nigh about used up when they did get there; but some fishermen saw them, and helped them ashore, and nursed them until they were able to go home. Then they took the child, that the wife of one of the fishermen had cared for while they were used up, and carried it to old Sandy Morton—Captain Morton's father—who was a light-house keeper on the coast, and the man took it, never mistrustin', I suppose, that it wasn't his grandson.

"Of course I couldn't do anything to right matters then, but I was terribly cut up, and I've never got over it till this day. I never expected to hear anything more from either the cap'n boy or his friends; but, sir, I am just as sure that that young chap in there," with a nod toward the room where Charlie Harwood lay, "is Bill Morton's son, as I am that my name is Tom Lawson."

Percy was pretty sure of it, too, but the question that arose in his mind at this juncture was:

"Then who am I?"

He questioned the man for some time longer regarding his story, and was firmly convinced that Charles Harwood must be the son of Captain Morton, although he had never before had a suspicion that he was not the son of Sir Henry Harwood.

If this was true, then the small fortune that Sandy Morton had left him, together with a few other heirlooms, were his no longer; they all belonged to the nearest of kin.

True, the old gentleman had willed everything to him, believing that his own grandchild had perished with its parents, and he could legally claim his bequest; but Percy Morton was a man who was swayed more by moral than by civil obligations, and he knew that, while believing that Charlie was the rightful heir, he could never use another pound of the money that Sandy Morton had accumulated.

Still, if the young man supposed himself to be the son of Sir Henry Harwood, would it not be mistaken kindness to undeceive him. The small property which he could call his to him would seem very meager compensation for the loss of his birthright; he had been reared in a home of luxury, and as the son of the wealthy and eminent physician. How would he recieve the intelligence that he was only the child of a sea captain—the grandson of an humble light-house keeper? Would not Sir Henry himself be offended to have his domestic affairs thus meddled with when all his life he had closely guarded the secret of the boy's adoption.

These and many other questions arose in Percy's mind as he reviewed all that he had just learned, and he clearly saw that he must do nothing, say nothing, until he had first consulted with Sir Henry.

He brought the sailor a bottle of wine and some dainty biscuit, and then stole into the bed-room to take a look at his patient.

He found him quiet and apparently sleeping, and he resolved to take this opportunity to return to the duchess' and relieve his friends' anxiety regarding the accident, which had so suddenly called him away, and to tell Hazel that he should not return to London that evening, as he had said he should do.

He requested Tom Lawson to remain where he was until he came back, so that, in case Charlie should awake and need anything, some one would be there to wait upon him, and then he went away on his errand.

The sound of his footsteps had scarcely died away, however, when the sailor was aroused from his cups and his meditations by a peremptory summons from the occupant of the bedroom.

He hastened to him, finding him wide awake, and looking flushed and excited.

"Did ye call, sir?" Tom asked, respectfully, from the threshold, but without offering to enter.

"Yes; come here," the young man commanded. "Sit down there," indicating a chair where he could see him distinctly. "Now tell me who this fellow was that you were talking about a little while ago."

"What fellor, sir!"

"The one who had marks on his wrist like mine."

"But—but—beggin' yer pardon, sir, the young doctor said ye mustn't talk," answered the man, shifting uneasily in the chair into which, by force of the habit of obedience, he had dropped at young Harwood's command.

"I can't help it," Charlie returned; "I want to know what made you think that I was born on the sea?"

"I were thinking of that—that other feller that I told you of," stated Tom, fearing he had got into deeper waters than he was used to sailing.

"Well, what about him? You may as well tell me first as last; you've excited my curiosity, and I shall not rest until I get to the bottom of the story."

"Well, sir," the man said, seeing that he could not escape it, "you see, I were second mate on board a vessel once, and there were a baby born there—it were the son of Captain William Morton——"

"Morton!" interrupted young Harwood; "that is his name."

"Whose name, sir?"

"The young doctor's—the man who has just gone out."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Tom Lawson, in surprise.

"Well, go on," commanded the sick man, impatiently.

"All right, sir, if ye will know," the sailor replied; and then he proceeded to relate all that he had previously told Percy, while Charles Harwood listened with the closest attention, his eyes fastened upon his companion as if fascinated by the recital.

When he was through, the young man again rolled up his sleeve and looked critically at the strange characters upon his arm.

"You say that you did this yourself," he remarked, thoughtfully.

"I don't say that I done that, sir," replied Tom, with a startled look, "but I do say that I made some marks exactly like 'em on the captain's baby's arm, and—and I think it's mighty queer they should be on your'n, too."

"Let me see your arm," commanded the invalid.

The sailor turned back the sleeve of his coarse woolen shirt, and on his brown, brawny arm there could plainly be seen characters identical with those on Charlie Harwood's.

He reached out and laid his beside it.

"They are exactly alike; it seems as if the same hand must have traced them," he said, with a troubled face. "You say there had been a terrible storm just before your vessel was wrecked," he added, after a moment.

"Yes, sir."

"What season of the year was it?"

"Late in the fall, sir—in November."

"November of what year?"

The man considered before replying.

"I think it were in 1861," he said at last.

"Can you remember the day of the month?"

"It were the 28th, sir."

Charlie Harwood started to a sitting posture at this, his face flushed, a tremor of nervous excitement running through him.

His mind suddenly reverted to that wild night in November, several years previous, when, in their quiet, luxurious library, Sir Henry, with his wife and himself, had sat about the table and listened to the furious storm of rain and wind as it beat upon the windows. He remembered how his mother had been affected; how she had asked his father if it was the twenty-ninth, and upon his responding in the affirmative, she began to say it made her think of something, when her husband checked her. He recalled how he had asked her if she was ever in a storm at sea, and she had told him yes; then, when he had tried to make her describe it to him, his father had again interfered, turned his attention to something else, and finally sent him to bed without allowing him to refer to it again.

It all affected him very strangely—the sailor's story, those strange marks upon both their arms; the memory of his mother's grief on that 29th of November, which was the anniversary of the collision and wreck which Tom Lawson had described. He had often wondered, too, what made him love the sea so when his mother disliked and feared it; for he was never so happy as when he could feel the pulsing of the ocean beneath him, or when he was breasting the waves and the surf upon the beach.

"Am I an adopted child?" he asked himself. "Was I taken from some asylum?" My father has been in such places, more or less, all his life; did he find me in the institution to which Tom Lawson took that child? Am I Captain Morton's son?"

The conviction took hold of him more and more; more and more he feared that not one drop of Sir Henry Harwood's blood flowed in his veins.

"You are sure that it was the captain's son whom you saved!" he asked at last.

"As sure as that I saved myself; I saw the little chap every day; there wasn't any other baby on board the Fortune, and he never left my care until I took him to the asylum," replied the sailor.

"Then whose child was it that was taken to Captain Morton's father at the light-house?" young Harwood gravely asked him.

"That's more than I can tell ye, sir. I can only explain it in one way, and that is, there must have been some child washed overboard from the vessel that we ran into."

"Do you know anything about the elder Mr. Morton?" Charlie asked.

"No, sir; only he was said to be a fine captain himself in his day, and that his son got his love for the sea and his judgment in sailin' a vessel from his father."

"Very likely," responded the young man, while he added, to himself, "while doubtless that law of inheritance has ruled me also. Where else do I get my love for the sea? It is very strange," he continued, aloud. "And you thought, when you saw these marks on my arm, that I must be Captain Morton's son?"

"Yes, sir; and—beggin' your pardon, sir—I think so now," the man answered, while he studied the fine, manly face before him with a critical eye.

"Ah! How so?"

"Because, though you've a more gentleman-like manner about ye, and a fairer complexion, and a smoother speech, ye're the very image of the cap'n himself!" the man returned, in a low tone, as if half afraid to make this statement.

Young Harwood flushed.

"But I have always supposed that I was the son of Sir Henry Harwood of London," he said, thoughtfully.

"Maybe ye be; it aint for the like o' me to contradict it," Tom Lawson said; "but it looks to me as if he must be the man who took the cap'n's son from the 'sylum where I left him. Bein' a doctor, he'd be likely to go to such places."

"Well," returned the young man, in a resolute tone, and again sitting up in bed, "I intend to know the truth before I am six hours older. Hand me my clothes there."

The sailor regarded him in blank amazement.

"But—but—sir, it won't do; ye're not able: ye may bring on a fever. What ye goin to do anyway?"

"I am going to London on the next train. I shall surely bring on a fever if I lie here and continue to think of all this mystery," returned the young man, sighing, more authoritatively than before, "Give me my clothes!"

"But they're all wet; ye couldn't get 'em on."

"True," said his companion, smiling slightly; then he continued. "There are some others up stairs. Go to the first room on the left of the upper hall, and bring me a suit that you will find in a closet there; you will see some shoes there, too. If you can not do as I ask you, I shall go out in the rain! I must be in London tonight," he continued, resolutely, as the man still hesitated about obeying him.

Tom Lawson could do nothing but obey his command, and soon brought the clothing, and helped the young man to dress.

But he was still very weak, and was obliged to rest twice or three times before his toilet was completed. He was ready at last, however, and leaving a brief note for Percy, telling him of his intention, he started for the station, leaning on the sailor's arm, for he found that he could never reach it unaided.

When he reached London he was driven directly home; but upon finding that his father was out, he went immediately to his mother; he could not wait one moment longer to learn the truth.

She cried out in dismay the moment she beheld his pale face, and was very much excited when he told her of his narrow escape.

"The sea will yet be the death of you, Charlie," she said, tremulously. "I wish you did not love it quite so well."

"I cannot help it, mother, you know," he said, smiling, but watching her closely, "since it is my native element."

She started, and glanced inquiringly at him.

"What makes you say that, dear?" she asked, with quickened heart-throbs.

"Because I was born on the sea," he said, making a bold dive. "I know the truth at last. I am not your son!"

"Charlie!" Both tone and look were full of agony.

He arose, went to her, and knelt upon the floor beside her.

Then he rolled up his sleeve and showed her the marks upon his arm.

"Mother," he said, gravely, "you and my father have each evaded me when I have questioned you about this. Now I want you to tell me, without any reservation, if it is a birthmark. Was it there when I was born?"

Mrs. Harwood was very pale. She knew that the moment which she had been dreading all her life had come at last.

Her dear boy had learned something to excite his suspicion that he was not her own child, and he would never rest until he knew the whole truth.

"I—I do not know," she faltered, in a scarcely audible tone.

His handsome lips twitched convulsively.

"Then it is as I said. I am not your own son!" he returned. He had half hoped that she would contradict him.

She threw her arms about his neck, bowed her head upon his shoulder, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Charlie, what do you mean? What have you heard?" she sobbed.

"Answer my question, please, mother, then you shall know my reason for asking you," he replied, folding his arms tenderly about her.

"Oh! but I have always loved you as dearly as if you were my own," she whispered.

"Then it is true, your blood does not flow in my veins?" he said, in an unsteady voice. "Forgive me for paining you thus, but since I have learned that which excited my suspicions I will be far better to tell me the truth."

She, too, knew that it would be far better, though it was a bitter trial from which she had always shrunk, with many tears, she confessed the fact of his adoption and related how it had been brought about.

When she had told him all, he, in turn, narrated what had occurred at Brighton and repeated the story which he had forced from Tom Lawson.

"It is very wonderful," she said, when he concluded, "but I did not believe it possible that this secret could ever be revealed. We about the table and listened to the furious storm of rain and wind as it beat upon the windows. He remembered how his mother had been affected; how she had asked his father if it was the twenty-ninth, and upon his responding in the affirmative, she began to say it made her think of something, when her husband checked her. He recalled how he had asked her if she was ever in a storm at sea, and she had told him yes; then, when he had tried to make her describe it to him, his father had again interfered, turned his attention to something else, and finally sent him to bed without allowing him to refer to it again.

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But he was still very weak, and was obliged to rest twice or three times before his toilet was completed. He was ready at last, however, and leaving a brief note for Percy, telling him of his intention, he started for the station, leaning on the sailor's arm, for he found that he could never reach it unaided.

When he reached London he was driven directly home; but upon finding that his father was out, he went immediately to his mother; he could not wait one moment longer to learn the truth.

She cried out in dismay the moment she beheld his pale face, and was very much excited when he told her of his narrow escape.

"The sea will yet be the death of you, Charlie," she said, tremulously. "I wish you did not love it quite so well."

"I cannot help it, mother, you know," he said, smiling, but watching her closely, "since it is my native element."

She started, and glanced inquiringly at him.

"What makes you say that, dear?" she asked, with quickened heart-throbs.

"Because I was born on the sea," he said, making a bold dive. "I know the truth at last. I am not your son!"

"Charlie!" Both tone and look were full of agony.

He arose, went to her, and knelt upon the floor beside her.

Then he rolled up his sleeve and showed her the marks upon his arm.

"Mother," he said, gravely, "you and my father have each evaded me when I have questioned you about this. Now I want you to tell me, without any reservation, if it is a birthmark. Was it there when I was born?"

Mrs. Harwood was very pale. She knew that the moment which she had been dreading all her life had come at last.

Her dear boy had learned something to excite his suspicion that he was not her own child, and he would never rest until he knew the whole truth.

"I—I do not know," she faltered, in a scarcely audible tone.

His handsome lips twitched convulsively.

"Then it is as I said. I am not your own son!" he returned. He had half hoped that she would contradict him.

She threw her arms about his neck, bowed her head upon his shoulder, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Charlie, what do you mean? What have you heard?" she sobbed.

"Answer my question, please, mother, then you shall know my reason for asking you," he replied, folding his arms tenderly about her.

"Oh! but I have always loved you as dearly as if you were my own," she whispered.

"Then it is true, your blood does not flow in my veins?" he said, in an unsteady voice. "Forgive me for paining you thus, but since I have learned that which excited my suspicions it

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OWEN SOUND.

Our Bachelor's Ball which I made mention of in your last week's issue, took place in the Town Hall on Thursday, January 17, and proved to be a brilliant success throughout. Great praise is due to the committemen for their untiring efforts to make this ball the success it was. The hall room was most tastefully decorated, and I overhead a veteran remark it had never been known to look so pretty before. We might specially mention Messrs Strathy, Foster, Macpherson, and H. H. Smith, for the good taste they displayed in this department. The dancing commenced at half past nine to the splendid music of Marciano's Orchestra, and was kept up incessantly to the early hour of half past three. The program ne consisted of twenty-four dances including four extras, and it was easily seen suited everyone's taste. It was very difficult to find out the exact number present, though I am quite sure one hundred and thirty couples graced the floor at one time. Among such a large number of the youth and beauty present, the question of the belle of our ball was no easy matter to decide, but public opinion leads me to believe that no one deserved the honor of that name more than Miss Jeffery (formerly of Toronto), though I feel quite justified in saying that Mrs. Rogers of Toronto was fully deserving of that same honor. Following is a partial list of the guests present from other towns: Mrs. Nortey, Miss Plunkett, Miss Smith, Miss Hicoll, Miss Sheppard, Misses. Stewart, Messrs. McLean, Skinner, Chisholm, Cleland, and Sutherland of Meaford, Mr. Bowcher of Collingwood, Mr. McArthur, Miss Robinson, Miss Gray, Miss Roy of Port Elgin, Miss Hay of New York, Mr. Byers of Pekin, China, Miss Polson, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Widmer Hawke, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Macklem, and Miss Macklem, Mr. J. B. Polson, Mr. C. J. Townsend of Toronto, Miss Twoitdale of Bracebridge, and among Owen Sound guests the Mayor and Mrs. Morrison, Judge and Mrs. Lane, Judge MacPherson, Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm, Mr. and Mrs. Macintosh, Mr. and Mrs. Tate, Mr. and Mrs. Masson, Mrs. D. A. Creasor, Miss Creasor, Mr. and Mrs. Machaffie, Mrs. and Miss Bishop, Miss Glen-Airston, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Parker, Miss J. Parker, Mrs. Wand, Mr. and Mrs. Eaton, Mr. H. E. Smith, Mr. T. Rixon, Mr. Logan, and Mr. H. H. O'Reilly.

BRANTFORD.

The snow which fell heavily all Sunday and Monday has made sleighing delightful, and toboggan and snow shoe parties are now the general order of things.

Miss Allen of Bowmanville is visiting Miss Christie on Chestnut avenue.

Mistress (to cook who is discovered eating her dinner *sans* teeth)—"Why Mary where are the new set of teeth you told me you got last week?" Mary—"In my pocket, mum. I always takes them out when I eats, for fear of spilling them."

The gentlemen of Burford gave a delightful dance last Thursday evening. About sixty people went from Brantford and about twenty from Paris. The hall-room was prettily decorated with flags and evergreens, and the floor waxed to perfection, at least so said the dancers, for myself not being a dancer I found that to "hug the wall" was the safest mode of traveling. A special train brought the Brantford party home at two o'clock. Every one declared it to be one of the most pleasant events of the season and a great deal of praise was given to our handsome hosts for their hospitality. Among the guests were Mr. A. S. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wilkes, Miss Kate Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Yates, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wilkes, Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Blackader, Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Wilkes, Miss Pauline Johnson, Miss Curtis, Capt. A. E. Christie, Miss Lizzie Christie, Miss May Bennett, the Misses Haycock, the Misses Van Norman, Dr. E. Bishop, Miss May Bishop, the Misses Leonard, Mr. H. Leonard, Miss Goodson, Miss Wyo. Miss Greer, Mr. E. L. Goold, the Misses Goold, Miss De Long, Messrs. Warwick, Minty, Temple, F. D. and R. Reville, T. J. Finucane, Perley and others.

GALT.

Mrs. Goodall of Roslyn Park gave a most delightful party on Tuesday last. The music was procured from Toronto, and was danced to until the early morn came peeping through the curtains. Among the guests who thoroughly enjoyed themselves I noticed Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Howell, Dr. and Mrs. Goodall, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Hughes, the Misses Erb, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Bond, Miss Blain, Miss Cranston, Dr. Nellis of Brantford, Miss Reid, Mr. Strong, Miss Vardon, Mr. Baird, Miss Henderson, the Misses Hespeler, Mr. Wilson, Dr. Thompson, Mr. H. Cranston, Mr. Sneyd, Mr. Riddle, Mr. Geo. Erb, Mr. Jaffray and Mr. Turnbull.

Dr. Sylvester left Galt last week for New York, where he will be absent for about six weeks. Dr. Nellis of Brantford has charge of his practice during his absence.

Dr. and Mrs. Goodall have returned from their two years' trip to Australia and New Zealand.

The Galt Snow Shoe Club have abandoned the hope of reorganizing their club, owing to a plentiful lack of snow.

MEAFORD.

Miss Young of Thornbury spent a few days in town during the past week.

Miss Maud Plunkett left on Tuesday for a course in the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Mr. P. Boucher of Batteau spent Thursday in town.

Mr. H. M. Cleland of Toronto passed through town on his way to Owen Sound on Thursday.

Mr. Mayor and Mrs. Lockerbie of Collingwood were here on Friday last.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

MILES—On January 8, at Ridgeland, Chicago, Mrs. E. A. Miles—a son.

LEGATE—On January 17, at Toronto, Mrs. James Legate—a son.

HONSBERGER—On January 16, at Selkirk, Mrs. Oscar J. Honsberger—a son.

HUNT—On January 16, Mrs. E. G. Hess, Jamieson ave., Parkdale, of a son.

HOATH—On January 19, at Alliston, Mrs. J. S. Hoath—a daughter.

BURTON—On January 13, at Hamilton, Mrs W. F. Burton—a daughter.

GOULDING—On January 12, at Toronto, Mrs. W. Goulding—a son.

TAYLOR—On January 17, at Toronto, Mrs. George C. Taylor—a son.

BRYANT—On January 18, at Toronto, Mrs. J. E. Bryant—a son.

JOHNSTON—On January 11, at Orangeville, Mrs. William Johnston—a son.

HODGSON—On January 10, at Toronto, Mrs. Thos. Hodgson, V. S.—a son.

MACDONALD—On January 13, at London West, Mrs. Cameron Macdonald—a son.

REYNOLDS—On January 21, at Toronto, Mrs. J. P. Reynolds—a daughter.

HENDERSON—On January 19, at Toronto, Mrs. Ernest Henderson, C. E.—a son.

BEDELLS—On January 22, at Toronto, Mrs. G. W. Bedells—a daughter.

MAGUIRE—On January 17, at London, Mrs. A. Maguire—a daughter.

HILL—On January 10, at St. Lambert, Mrs. J. W. Hill—a son.

COADY—On January 22, at Toronto, Mrs. R. T. Coady—a son.

BRIGHT—On January 18, at Maple, Mrs. John Bright, a daughter.

EWAN—On January 21, at Ottawa, Mrs. John A. Ewan—a daughter.

Marriages.

OSBORNE—REYNOLDS—On January 9, at Guelph, A. C. Osborne of Mount Forest, to Susan Reynolds

RENNIE—MIALL—On January 17, at Ottawa, Alexander Harvey of Dee Mount, Aberdeen, to Maud Miall of Ottawa.

JOSEPH—SAMUEL—On January 16, at Toronto, Geo. H. Joseph of Montreal, to Rosetta I amuel.

SCARLETT—HULFORD—On January 16, at Toronto, E. W. Scarlett to Maria Louisa Hulford.

COLEMAN—KEENEY—On January 9, at Seaforth, Joanna H. Coleman to Fred B. Keeney of Warsaw, N. Y.

DUCLOS—PURVIS—On January 8, at Portage du Fort, Que., Rev. J. D. Duclos, B. A., of Kingston, to Nellie Purvis, M. L. A., of Whitby.

FORBES—GARDNER—On January 14, at Toronto, Benjamin Forbes to Elizabeth Arthur Gardner.

CLARK—KENNEDY—On January 16, at Agincourt, James Clark to Elizabeth Kennedy.

KIRBY—WILEY—On January 16, at Toronto, John B. Kirby to Minnie A. Wiley.

PATTULLO—BIGGAR—On January 16, at Belleville, George R. Pattullo of Woodstock, to Frances C. Biggar.

HARPER—MITCHELL—On January 16, at Alfred Thomas Harper of Albion, to Jane Mitchell of Vaughan.

BERRYHILL—KEENE—On January 15, at London, John Berryhill of Alpena, Mich., to Alice Keene.

GRAWBERGER—GRAWBERGER—At Mecumoma P. O., Parry Sound district, Andrew Grawberger to Isabella McBain Grawberger.

EYRIE—WHITTET—On January 16, at Richmond, Va., Harry Eyrie of Toronto, to Tina Whittet.

TURNER—PHILLIPS—On December 26, at Vaughan, William Turner to Elizabeth Phillips.

FULLERTON—WILSON—On January 15, at Toronto, David James Fullerton to Elizabeth (Lilia) Wilson.

Deaths.

DAVIS—On January 15, at Toronto, William G. Davis

KENNEDY—On January 15, at Toronto, Jane Kennedy, aged 51 years.

HARTLEY—On January 16, at Walkerton, Joseph R. Hartley.

BLEAKLEY—On January 15, at Toronto, Alexander Bleakley, aged 67 years.

GRAY—On January 21, at Toronto, Ethel Gray.

GREEN—On January 19, at Rochester, N. Y., Rachel Green of Toronto, aged 76 years.

LESLIE—On January 15, at Montreal, Captain James W. Leslie, aged 67 years.

LAWSON—On January 15, at Whitby, Thos as Lawson, aged 80 years.

ROGERS—On January 15, at Calgary, N.W.T., Mrs. Edwin R. Rogers.

SMYTH—On January 15, at Toronto, Thomas Cooper Smyth, aged 84 years.

COOPER—On January 18, at York Mills, Mary Jane Cooper, aged 42 years

D'AVIGNON—On January 16, at Windsor, Adelaide Eloise D'Avignon.

HAMMOND—On January 19, at Toronto, Fred Hammond, aged 15 years.

TUCKER—On January 6, at Hamilton, Bermuda, Park B. Tucker, M.D., aged 66 years.

CONLIN—On January 17, at Toronto, Louise Hamlyn Ellis Conlin.

LESTER—On January 16, at Dundalk, Thomas Lester, aged 36 years.

PATTESON—On December 25, at Chatham, Col. Walter Patteson, aged 80 years.

SUTHERLAND—On January 17, at Galveston, Texas, Benjamin Sutherland.

WEBSTER—On January 17, at Toronto, William Bertram Webster, aged 14 months.

O'NEIL—On January 17, at Toronto, Charles O'Neil.

ORR—On January 17, at Port Hope, Robert Orr, aged 70 years.

PRENTICE—On January 16, at Ingersoll, Alex. Prentice, aged 73 years.

HALL—On January 9, at Quebec, Hammond Gaseen Hall, aged 77 years.

KNILL—On January 20, at Stouffville, Richard Knill, aged 67 years.

McSLAIN—On January 18, at London, Robert McBlain, aged 45 years.

SMITH—On January 18, at Ottawa, Mary Jackson Smith, aged 24 years.

CARRIERE—On January 19, at Toronto, Mary Desmonde Carriere.

MACDONALD—On January 22, at Toronto, Angus Peter Macdonald, aged 75 years.

CONSTABLE—On December 30, at Benarty, Scotland, Marion Meikle Nelson Constable, aged 62 years.

MURRAY—On January 14, near St. Paul, Minn., R. B. Murray, aged 66 years.

ACRES—On January 18, at Portland, Me., Georgina Little Acres.

McBRIDE—On January 19, at Calgary, A. M. McBride, aged 26 years.

WEIR—On January 20, at London West, Hannah Weir, aged 55 years.

EMERY—On January 19, at Windsor, Clifford Capel Emery, aged 11 months.

HART—On January 21, at Toronto, James B. Hart, aged 22 years.

LEVERTY—On January 21, at Toronto, Ellen Leverty, aged 66 years.

McCORMACK—On January 22, at Parkdale, Lydia McCormack, aged 77 years.

ROSS—On January 18, at Omaha, John Ross.

A representative of SATURDAY NIGHT called at the office of C. V. Snelgrove, the dentist, at 97 Carlton street, the other day, and as the reporter's dental arrangements were sound in root and branch, and without the aches that human teeth are heir to, he thoroughly enjoyed his half-hour's interview with Mr. Snelgrove's easy chairs, that gentleman came in and after exchanging greetings said: "I consider it is incumbent on me to keep abreast of the times in all departments of dentistry, and I always keep myself supplied with the very latest appliances and acquainted with the very latest methods employed in my profession. I follow along the lines approved of by the best men. Porcelain work is one of the latest dental acquisitions. I am making a specialty of that. By this means teeth are filled with a material resembling the tooth in appearance. Teeth that are worn completely down to the gums are preserved, and a new tooth, without a plate, is inserted by means of a Richmond porcelain crown. I was the first dentist to use the porcelain crown in Toronto. One fact, which indicates the strides that the art of dentistry is making, is that several teeth can now be permanently inserted without the inconvenience of wearing a plate as in the old fashioned style. It is a fact, of interest to the public, to know that the same varieties of work are done in our own city, and done as well, as in New York, Philadelphia, or anywhere else."

Always the Way with Those Methodists.

A well-known Methodist, who was traveling on horseback through the State of Massachusetts, stopped once on a sultry Summer's day at a cottage by the roadside and requested some refreshment for himself and beast. This was readily granted by the worthy New England dame; so the parson dismounted, and having seen his horse well cared for, entered the cottage and partook of the refreshment which was cheerfully placed before him. For some time past there had been no rain, and the country seemed literally parched up. The minister entered into conversation with the old lady and then remarked upon the dryness of the season.

"Yes," she replied, "unless we have some rain soon all my beets, cucumbers and cabbages will go good for nothing, and I think that all the ministers ought to pray for rain."

The worthy divine informed her that he was a minister, and he should be happy to comply with her wish. He accordingly knelt down and prayed fervently that the gates of heaven might be opened that showers might descend and refresh the earth. He then arose from his knees and, having kindly thanked his hostess, bade her good day, mounted his horse and departed. But he had not been gone more than an hour when the clouds began to gather and a tremendous shower of rain began to descend, and with such force as to wash the contents of the old lady's garden clear out of the ground.

"There!" said she, "that is always the way with those Methodists; they never undertake to do anything but they always overdo it."

Every day demonstrates the great popularity of Thomas' English Chop House and Ladies' Cafe. Under the management of Keachie & Co. it has become the high class supper room for theater parties, and by far the most popular dining-room for ladies. Indeed it is the only restaurant noticeably patronized by the fair sex.

A Promising Child.

Max and Moritz were the only male youngsters in the family. The first-named one day brought a dog home, a horrid, ugly creature, to the great disgust of the female portion of the household. At length the oldest of the sisters persuaded little Max to take the dog back where he found it, or to give it away, and gave him threepence for his trouble. Max strutted off with the cur, and returned in half-an-hour, munching the remains of the last of the nuts he had bought with his sister's money.

"Well, what have you done with the ugly brute?" the latter inquired.

"Guv it to Moritz!" was the reply.

One Way of Looking at It.

Old Baboony—Algernon, these extravagant habits of yours will ruin us all sooner or later. I think it's time for you to settle down and take a wife."

Algy—Why, fawther, are you crazy? If your means are not enough faw one family, how could you pawssibly suppawt two!"

The Drummer's Chilled-iron Nerve.

Scene: Railway passenger coach.

Lady passenger (indignantly)—Pray, sir, could you not get still closer to me?

Drummer (unabashed)—The points of a pin projecting from your attire alone prevents, madame.

Pathetic Even if Humorous.

There is almost as much pathos as humor in the following story of a Harlem boy of tender years: Shortly after his mother's death he, with his father, visited the grave, being carried there by a horse which his father had recently bought. The father, standing apart from the grave, was naturally in a contemplative frame of mind, and the boy, being unable to stand the oppressive silence any longer, lifted his childish voice and said, "Ma, we've got a new horse."

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what! Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

Grand Opera House

WEEK BEGINNING

Monday, January 28

WELCOME RETURN OF

THE WORLD-FAMED COMEDIENNE

MINNIE PALMER

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday Evenings

Her Latest and Greatest Success

MY BROTHER'S SISTER

Minnie as a Boy. Minnie as a Girl

Friday and Saturday Evenings and Saturday Matinee

The Ever Welcome

My Sweetheart

Minnie in Her Original Creation Tina

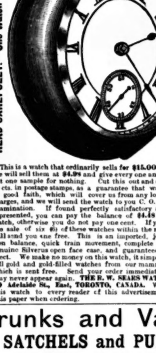
The critics of Europe, Australia and America all unite in indorsing Minnie Palmer as combining more gifts and graces than any other artiste on the stage.

An Excellent Company in Support

Seats Now on Sale

SELLING PRICE $4.98

SAMPLE WATCH FREE



READ CAREFULLY.—One Watch Free To All.

GENUINE 4-OZ. SILVERUS CASE.

This is a watch that ordinarily sells for $15.00. For 60 days we will sell them at $4.98 and give every one an opportunity to get one sample for nothing. Cut this out and send to us with 50 cts. in postage stamps, as a guarantee that watch is ordered in good faith, which will cover us from any loss from express charges, and we will send the watch to you C. O. D., subject to examination. If found perfectly satisfactory and exactly as represented, you can pay the balance of $4.48 and take the watch, otherwise you do not pay one cent. If you sell or cause the sale of six of these watches within the next 60 days we will send you one free. This is an imported, jeweled, expansion balance, quick train movement, complete with a 4-ounce genuine Silverus open face case, and guaranteed in every respect. We make no money on this watch, it simply helps us to sell gold and gold-filled watches from our mammoth catalogue which is sent free. Send your order immediately. This ad. may never appear again. THE R. W. SEARS WATCH CO., 17 & 19 Adelaide St., East, TORONTO, CANADA. We recommend this watch to every reader of this advertisement. Mention this paper when ordering.

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Best Goods. Lowest Prices

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SUITABLE FOR

Small Rooms, Parlors, Dining Rooms and Offices.

OPENED. CLOSED.

It may be draped to suit any style of apartment in which it is placed, and made an admirable auxiliary to its furniture. H. P. DAVIES & CO., 22 Church Street.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

IT LEADS ALL OTHERS

For a Beautiful and Useful Present See the

LIGHT RUNNING, HIGH ARM

No. 9

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE

For all family purposes it has no equal, in point of ease, rapidity and precision of action, uniformity of tension and perfection of seam, simplicity and durability, elegance of design, excellence of workmanship, form and quality of cabinet work and general attractiveness of appearance.

We invite inspection of manufacturers and others, interested in first-class sewing-machinery, to our No. 12 and D 12 Machines. Also our Automatic Button-Hole Machine, with automatic cutter combined. Estimates furnished for complete sewing machine plant for any branch of manufacturing.

Special sewing machinery of all kinds supplied to order. Needles and attachments for all kinds of work.

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Inspect my well-assorted stock before purchasing elsewhere.

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Come and see my new importations. SHOWING A PLEASURE.

436 Yonge Street **R. F. PIEPER** Opposite Carlton St.

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PRICE 25 CENTS

The Storm of '92

By W. H. C. LAWRENCE

A description of the probable war between Canada and the United States in 1892, with a history of the events which led up to it.

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Together with every description of Fancy-Work Goods, Stamping, etc.

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AT

W. C. MORRISON'S

161 King Street West

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Notice is hereby given that the annual general meeting of the policy-holders and guarantors of the North American Life Assurance Company will be held at the Head Office of the Company, Manning Arcade, King Street West, Toronto, Ontario, on

Tuesday, the 29th of January, 1889

At Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, for the reception of the Annual Report and a statement of the affairs of the Company, the election of directors, and the transactions of all such business as may be done at a general meeting of the Company. Participating policy-holders have one vote for each $1,000 of insurance held by them.

WILLIAM McCABE

January 17, 1889. Managing Director.

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY

ANNUAL MEETING

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of this company will be held at their offices, Nos. 18 and 20 Front Street East, on

Wednesday, the 20th day of February

At the hour of 12 o'clock noon,

To receive the Annual Report, for the election of Directors and for all general business relating to the management of the Company.

By order of the Board,

W. H. BANKS, Assistant Secretary.

Beef Iron & Wine **Coca Wine**

For Mental & Physical Exhaustion

This preparation has all the well-known tonic and nutritive properties of Beef, Iron and Wine, together with the stimulating effects of Coca Wine. It increases the vigor of the intellect, nerves and muscles; sustains strength in the absence of food; produces healthy sleep; is therefore the best-known restorative for convalescents, and is not followed by any evil effects such as languor and depression. Adult Dose—One tablespoonful between meals, or when fatigued or exhausted.

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100 Yonge Street, Toronto.

STOVEL & CO.

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COSTUME AND HABIT MAKERS

The Mart, 57 King Street East

LADIES ATTENTION

SUPPLEMENTARY SALE

Mr. Lyndon has instructed us to sell the contents of 18 Cases of the Most Exquisite assortment of

ORNAMENTAL CHINA

With some beautiful articles of Fine English Silver Plate, Cutlery, Marble Clocks, etc., just received by S.S. Sarmatian, and must be sold Without the Least Reserve, on account of the manufacturers, on

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next, Jan. 28, 29, and 30

Sale each day at 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. View Saturday.

OLIVER, COATE & CO., Auctioneers

D. GRANT & Co.

167 Yonge Street

Have opened to-day a fresh shipment of desirable dress goods. Splendid qualities and colorings. These are

First Class Goods

and scarce in the market.

New Mantles and Mantle Cloths

Direct Importations. Unsurpassed value. A large invoice of

CHILDRENS' MANTLES AND ULSTERS

Good patterns. Selling very cheap.

D. GRANT & CO., 167 Yonge St.

XMAS 1888

Now arriving for holiday trade new designs in

Plush, Toilet and Fancy Boxes

Leather Dressing and Jewelry Cases, Desks, Stationery Cases, Writing Pads Cuffs and Collar Boxes, Hair, Cloth and Hat Brushes, Combs, Etc., also a stock of Fancy Baskets and Christmas Hampers.

PRICES RIGHT!

Call and Inspect our Stock

H. E. CLARKE & Co

TRUNK AND BAG MANUFACTURERS

105 KING STREET WEST

The Rural Tavern.

Elsewhere, says Mr. William Nye in his travels, we stop at a hotel, which adds ten years of misery to our lives. The general public can hardly wait till we get away from the register, so that it can see who we are. When it ascertains, a low, smothered snicker passes from mouth to mouth, and Mr. Vox Populi, in a body, follows us to the wash-room to see how we look with our hats off. Wide-eyed wonder possesses us as we fill our own eyes with soft soap, and grope aimlessly around for the over-worked roller towel. We add our autographs to the collection on the towel, and go in to dinner. There is no menu, but we can tell what we are going to have by the atmosphere. The female garcon rests calmly against my shoulder and says: "Tea or eggs?"

Mr. Riley, who insists on fried eggs "on both sides," and who, instead of using professional terms, as I do, and ordering them "blind in both eyes," insists on being grammatical, tells her that he wants them "fried on either side." She says "Sir?" and he repeats the formula, only using the word eyether this time. She goes away, cursed with doubt. After awhile she comes back and brings back my order. She asks Mr. Riley again how he wants his eggs, and he says fried on either side. "Yes, but which side? I'd druther you'd say which you want them fried on." He tells her to cook them like mine, and she resumes her old air of cheerfulness and her gum.

The Straight Way to Heaven.

Housewife—That servant of ours is a merry girl. There she is out in the kitchen singing I Want to be an Angel as hard as she can sing.

Philosophical husband—Does she throw much heart into her singing? Does she sing as though she really meant it?

Wife—Yes, indeed.

Husband—Then you had better tell her to use the kerosene oil when she builds the fire.

Polite Passenger (tapping stranger).—There's a seat back there.

Stranger—There's a boil back there, too!

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LUNCHEON AND DINING ROOMS

70 YONGE STREET

Next door to Dominion Bank

Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor. Finest Bar in Canada. Choice Stock of Liquors and Cigars

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LOOK OUT FOR OUR GOLD LABEL.

O'KEEFE & Co's IMPERIAL PALE ALE. TORONTO.

NOTICE. Each Bottle Hermetically Sealed. Guaranteed not to deteriorate from any climate. Keep the bottle upright for some time after opening, and POUR OUT WITHOUT SMASHING

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SPECIALTIES—Warranted equal to best brewed in any country. ENGLISH HOPPED ALES in wood and bottles. XXX STOUT in wood and bottle. PILSENER LAGER.

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$10.00

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Inclusive, good to return up to and including Feb. 13.

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FURS AT WHOLESALE COST

Seal Mantles $100 to $200

40 to 54 inches long, guaranteed best London dye.

PERFECT FIT AND STYLE

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Best Value in Canada

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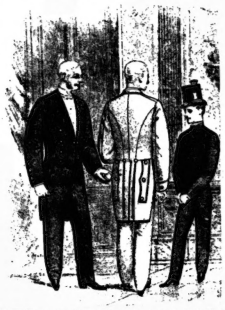
Our Candies at one-half the former prices How's this? Why, these high-grade goods, that we used to import with duty of 35 per cent. and 1 1-2 cents per lb. added, we now make fresh every day, right here on the premises. How do we do this? Why, instead of importing the goods, subject to the above tariff, we simply import the skilled labor and machinery, and the job's done, and the public are the people benefited. If you don't believe the Candies and Bon Bons are equal to the imported, just come and look and take home a sample, whilst at the same time you can find some toy or novelty to make your children happy; perhaps you had better bring them along, too, as they can help you in the Candy business. Our new Catalogue will shortly appear, with prices and instructions.

Wedding Breakfasts sent anywhere. Dinners cooked with all the accessories. Balls, Evening Parties, Lunches, etc. Ices, Creams, Jellies, Entrees, Souflets, Quenelles, Mince Meat, Plum Puddings, etc.

= WEDDING CAKES =

HARRY WEBB, 447 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.



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Jamieson's prices are always right. Correspondence from those living out of the city promptly attended to.

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Equal in every respect to the finest custom work. Selling during the sale at net wholesale figures. Those in need should certainly call.

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1ST IN TONE
IN TOUCH
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SOLE AGENCY. TORONTO TEMPLE OF MUSIC.
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Unequalled in Elegance of Construction and Beauty of Finish.

Easy and Sympathetic Touch, Firmness and Purity of Tone.

AMERICAN PIANOS. CANADIAN AMERICAN ORGANS

Second-hand Pianos and Organs on Small Weekly or Monthly Payments.

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Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

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